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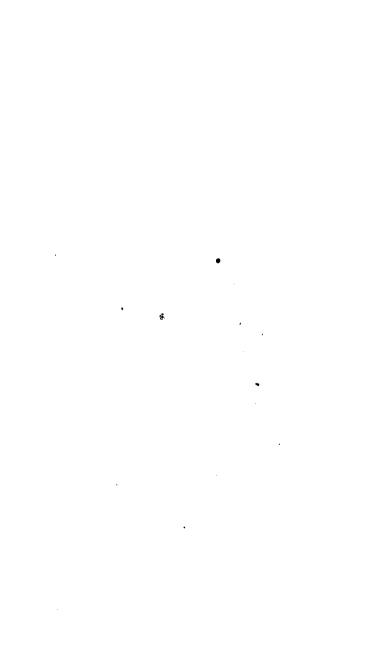


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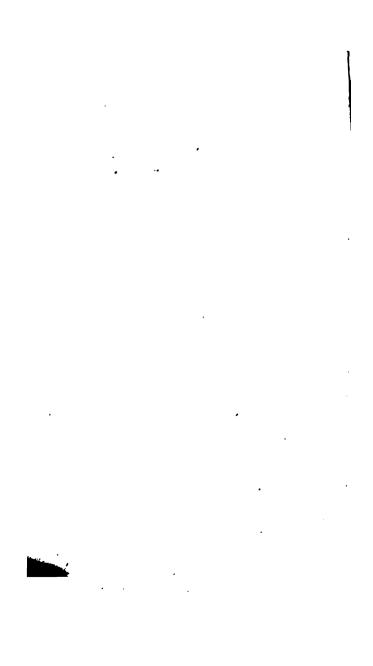
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THE

MUSES' BOWER,

EMBELLISHED WITH

THE

BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. III.



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Maria Day Safrad Saly."

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POETRY.



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COOPER'S HILL*

[DENHAM.]

Sure there are poets who did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort

* This poem was originally published so far back as the year 1643. It's author, Sir John Denham, may be considered the founder (to adopt the words of Dr. Johnson) of 'that species of composition denominated Local Poetre, the fundamental subject of which (as in the poem before us) is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection, or incidental meditation.' Pope, in his 'Windsor Forest,' which is constructed on the model of 'Cooper's Hill,' has celebrated Denham in very lofty strains. Independent of this poem, he is entitled to great merit, as having paved the way for the present improved state of our versification.—Vide Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

VOL. III.

Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee A poet, thou Parnassus art to me. Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight, By taking wing from thy auspicious height) Thro' untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly. More boundless in my fancy than my eye; My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space That lies between, and first salutes the place Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high, That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud; Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse,* whose flight Has bravely reach'd aud soar'd above thy height: Now shalt thou stand, the' sword, or time, or fire. Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire, Secure. whilst thee the best of poets sings. Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings. Under his proud survey the city lies, And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise. Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd. Seems at this distance but a darker cloud; And is, to him who rightly things esteems, No other in effect than what it seems; Where with like haste, thro' several ways, they run. Some to undo, and some to be undone;

^{*} Waller.

- While luxury and wealth, like war and peace, Are each the other's ruin and increase: As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein Hence reconveys, there to be lost again. Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content! To be at once secure and innocent. Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells, Beauty with strength) above the valley swells Into my eye, and doth itself present With such an easy and unforc'd ascent. That no stupendous precipice denies Access, no horror turns away our eves: But such a rise as doth at once invite A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight; Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face Sat meekness heighten'd with majestic grace: Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud To be the basis of that pompous load, Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears. But Atlas only, which supports the spheres. When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance, 'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than chance; Mark'd out for such a use, as if 'twere meant T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent. Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose Folly or blindness only could refuse.

4

DENHAM

A crown of such majestic towers doth grace The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast Among that num'rous and celestial host. More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's Immortal book record more noble names. Not to look back so far, to whom this isle Owes the first glory of so brave a pile, Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute, The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute; (Tho' this of old no less contest did move Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove: (Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame, As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame:) But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd First a brave place, and then as brave a mind. Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb; But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son,* (The lilies which his father wore he won,) And thy Bellona, + who the consort came Not only to thy bed but to thy fame, She to thy triumph led one captive king,+ And brought that son which did the second't bring:

^{*} Edward III. and the Black Prince.

[†] Queen Philippa: ‡ The Kings of France and Scotland.

Then didst thou found that Order (whether love Or victory thy royal thoughts did move; Each was a noble cause:) and nothing less Than the design has been the great success, Which foreign kings and emperors esteem The second honour to their diadem. Had thy great destiny but given thee skill To know, as well as pow'r to act her will. That from those kings who then the captives were. In after times should spring a royal pair, Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r, Or thy desires more mighty, did devour: To whom their better fate reserves whate'er The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear : That blood which thou and thy great granders shed, And all that since these sister nations bled. Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known That all the blood he spilt had been his own. When he that patron chose to whom are join'd Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd Within the azure circles, he did seem But to foretel and prophesy of him. Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd, Which Nature for their bound at first design'd: That bound which to the world's extremest ends; Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.

Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes! they were his own much
more;

But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor, Who having spent the treasures of his crown, Condemns their luxury to feed his own; And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name. No crime so bold but would be understood A real, or at least, a seeming good. Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name, And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame. Thus he the church at once protects and spoils; But princes' swords are sharper than their styles: And thus to th' ages past he makes amends, Their charity destroys, their faith defends.

Then did Religion in a lazy cell, In empty airy contemplations dwell. And like the block unmoved lay; but ours, As much too active, like the stork, devours. Is there no temp'rate region can be known Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone? Could we not wake from that lethargic dream, But to be restless in a worse extreme? And from that lethargy was there no cure But to be cast into a calenture? Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance So far, to make us wish for ignorance, And rather in the dark to grope our way, Than, led by a false guide, to err by day? Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand. What barbarous invader sack'd the land? But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring This desolation, but a Christian king: When nothing but the name of zeal appears. Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs; What does he think our sacrilege would spare, When such th' effects of our devotions are? Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear, Those for what's past, and this for what's too near, My eye descending from the hill surveys Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays;

Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons By his old sire, to his embraces runs, Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea. Like mortal life to meet eternity; Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold: His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore, Search not his bottom, but survey his shore. O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing, And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring; Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay. Like mothers which their infants overlay: Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave. Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave. No unexpected inundations spoil The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil; But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows; First loves to do, then loves the good he does. Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd, But free and common as the sea or wind: When he, to boast or to disperse his stores, Full of the tributes of his grateful shores, Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours; Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants, Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.

So that to us no thing, no place is strange, While his fair bosom is the world's exchange. O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream My great example, as it is my theme! Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull; Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full; Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast. Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost: Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes, To shine among the stars,* and bathe the gods. Here Nature, whether more intent to please Us for herself with strange varieties, (For things of wonder give no less delight To the wise maker's than beholder's sight: Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move, For so our children, thus our friends, we love;) Wisely she knew, the harmony of things, As well as that of sounds, from discord-springs: Such was the discord which did first disperse Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe: While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists, All that we have, and that we are, subsists; While the steep horrid roughness of the wood Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.

The Forest.

Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite, Wonder from thence results, from thence delight. The stream is so transparent, pure and clear, That had the self-enamour'd* youth gaz'd here, So fatally deceiv'd he had not been, While he the bottom, not his face, had seen. But his proud head the airy mountain hides Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows. While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat: The common fate of all that's high or great. Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd, Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd. Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives, While the kind river wealth and beauty gives; And in the mixture of all these appears Variety, which all the rest endears. This scene had some bold Greek or British bard Beheld of old. what stories had we heard Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames, Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames! 'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape All but a quick poetic sight escape.

^{*} Narcissus.

There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts. And thither all the horned host resorts To graze the ranker mead: that noble herd On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd Nature's great master-piece, to show how soon Great things are made, but sooner are undone. Here have I seen the king, when great affairs Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares. Attended to the chase by all the flow'r Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour; Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy. And wish a foe that would not only fly. The stag now conscious of his fatal growth, At once indulgent to his fear and sloth. To some dark covert his retreat had made. Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's, should invade His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound. Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear. Willing to think th' illusions of his fear Had giv'n this false alarm, but straight his view Confirms that more than all he fears is true. Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset, All instruments, all arts of ruin met. He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed, His winged heels, and then his armed head;

With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet. But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet. So fast he flies, that his reviewing eve Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry; Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense Their disproportion'd speed doth recompence; Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent Betravs that safety which his swiftness lent: Then tries his friends; among the baser herd, Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd, His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise. Or chases him from thence, or from him flies, Like a declining statesman, left forlorn To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn. With shame remembers while himself was one Of the same herd, himself the same had done. Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves, The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves, Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone, Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own. And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim Combat to all, and bore away the dame, And taught the woods to echo to the stream His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam; Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife, So much his love was dearer than his life.

ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath nts a foe, and ev'ry foe a death. 'v'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last ifety in despair of safety plac'd, age he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear eir assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear, now, too late, he wishes for the fight strength he wasted in ignoble flight: then he sees the eager chase renew'd, elf by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd. raight revokes his bold resolve, and more nts his courage than his fear before; that uncertain ways unsafest are, doubt a greater mischief than despair. to the stream, when neither friends, nor force, peed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course; is not their rage so desp'rate to essay lement more merciless than they. earless they pursue, nor can the flood ch their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood. vards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply, h wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly, is but to fall reveng'd on those that dare t the last fury of extreme despair. es the stag; among th' enraged hounds s their force, and wounds returns for wounds:

And as a hero, whom his baser foes In troops surround, now these assails, now those, Tho' prodigal of life, disdains to die By common hands; but if he can descry Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls, And begs his fate, and then contented falls. So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly From his unerring hand, then glad to die, Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood, And stains the crystal with a purple flood. This a more innocent and happy chase Than when of old, but in the self-same* place, Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a prey To lawless pow'r, here turn'd, and stood at bay; When in that remedy all hope was plac'd Which was, or should have been at least, the last. Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown All marks of arbitrary power lays down: Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear, The happier style of king and subject bear: Happy when both to the same centre move, When kings give liberty and subjects love. Therefore not long in force this Charter stood: Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.

^{*} Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first seale

The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave, Th' advantage only took the more to crave: Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away, And ev'n that power that should deny betray.

Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
'Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but
spoils.'

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold, First made their subjects by oppression bold; And popular sway, by forcing kings to give More than was fit for subjects to receive. Ran to the same extremes; and one excess Made both, by striving to be greater, less. When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains. Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains. The husbandmen with high raised banks secure Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure; But if with bays and dams they strive to force His channel to a new or narrow course, No longer then within his banks he dwells, First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells; Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars, And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

WINDSOR FOREST.

[POPE.]

Inscribed to Lord Lansdown.

1713.

Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, Vare, myricæ, Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est, Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

Vire.

Thy forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats, At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats, Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids! Unlock your springs, and open all your shades. Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring! What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
hat, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;

Where order in variety we see. And where, tho' all things differ, all agree. Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display, And part admit, and part exclude the day: As some coy nymph her lover's warm address, Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades. Thin trees arise, that shun each other's shades. Here in full light the russet plains extend : There, wrapt in clouds, the blueish hills ascend. Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise. That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn. Like verdant isles, the cable waste adorn. Let India boast her plants, nor envy we The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, While by our oaks the precious loads are borne, And realms commanded which those trees adorn. Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight, Though Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height, Than what more humble mountains offer here. Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear. See Pan with flocks: with fruits Pomona crown'd: Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground; Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand, And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;

Rich industry sits smiling on the plains, And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past, A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste, To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, And kings more furious and severe than they; Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods; The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods: Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves, (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.) What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd, And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd? In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain, Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain: The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields. What wonder then, a beast or subject slain-Were equal crimes in a despotic reign? Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled; But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began, A mighty hunter, and his prey was man: Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name. And makes his trembling slaves the royal game. The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, From men their cities, and from gods their fanes;

The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er: The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar: Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd; O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind: The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires, And savage howlings fill the sacred quires. Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst, Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst, Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod. And serv'd alike his vassals and his God. Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane. The wanton victims of his sport remain. But see, the man, who spacious regions gave A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey, At once the chaser, and at once the prey: Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart, Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart. Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries, Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise: Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed, O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread; The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain, And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain. Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig rous swains! while youth ferments your blood, And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood, Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net. When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds. And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds, Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds, Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds: But when the tainted gales the game betray, Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey; Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset, Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net. Thus (if small things we may with great compare) When Albion sends her eager sons to war, Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest, Near, and more near, the closing lines invest; Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize, And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs, And mounts exulting on triumphant wings: Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound, Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground. Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes, The vivid green his shining plumes unfold, His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold!

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky, The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. To plains with well breath'd beagles we repair, And trace the mazes of the circling hare: (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue, And learn of man each other to undo.) With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves, When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves, Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade. And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade. He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye; Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: Oft. as in airy rings they skim the heath, The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death: Oft, as the mountain larks their notes prepare, They fall, and leave their little lives in air:

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead, The patient fisher takes his silent stand, Intent, his angle trembling in his hand: With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed, And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed. Our plenteous streams a various race supply; The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye; The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd; The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold;

Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains; And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phoebus' fiery car: The youth rush eager to the sylvan war, Hwarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround. House the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound. Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein. And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain: Ilille, value, and floods appear already cross'd, And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost. Mee the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep. Hush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep, Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed; And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed. Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain, 'Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train: Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen As bright a gorldess, and as chaste a queen: Whene care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign, 'The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd, And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade; Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove, Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove; •

.

Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn, Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd. Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd; (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast, The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.) Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known, But by the crescent and the golden zone. She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care; A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair; A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds. And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd. Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire, Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire. Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky; Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves : As from the god she flew with furious pace, Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chase. Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears; Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears; And now his shadow reach'd her as she run, His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;

And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair. In vain on father Thames she calls for aid. Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid. Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain; 'Ah, Cynthia! ah-tho' banish'd from thy train, 'Let me. O let me. to the shades repair. ' My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.' She said, and melting as in tears she lay, In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away. The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps; Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore. And bathes the forest where she rang'd before. In her chaste current oft the goddess laves, And with celestial tears augments the waves. Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies The headlong mountains and the downward skies: The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods, And absent trees that tremble in the floods. In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, And floating forests paint the waves with green. Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams, Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods! With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear, And future navies on thy shores appear.

Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.

No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,

No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.

Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,

While led along the skies his current strays,

As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,

To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:

Nor all his stars above a lustre show,

Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;

Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passions still,

Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves, His sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens:
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.

O early lost! what tears the river shed, When the sad pomp along his banks was led! His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since Fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the Forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new justre to her silver star.

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage, Surrey, the Granville of a former age: Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance, Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance: In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, To the same notes, of love, and soft desire: Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow, Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore, Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains! With Edward's acts adorn the shining page, Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age, Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field, The lilies blazing on the regal shield: Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall, And leave inanimate the naked wall, Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear, And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known, (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone) O fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed! Heav'ns! what new wounds! and how her old have bled!

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars,
At length great Anna said, 'Let discord cease!'
She said; the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head: His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam: Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides His swelling waters, and alternate tides; The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, And on her banks Augusta rose in gold, Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood Who swell with tributary urns his flood: First the fam'd authors of his ancient name, The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame: The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd; The Lodden slow, with verdant alders crown'd; Cole. whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave; And chalky Wey that rolls a milky wave:

The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd, (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,)
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes.
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore:—

'Hail, sacred peace! hail, long expected days, That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise! Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold, Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold, From heav'n itself though sev'n-fold Nilus flows, And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; These now no more shall be the Muse's themes, Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams. Let Volga's banks, with iron squadrons shine, And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine, Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train; Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign. No more my sons shall dye with British blood Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood;

Safe on my shore each unmolested swain Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain; The shady empire shall retain no trace Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase; The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown, And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone. Behold! th' ascending villas on my side Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide: Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase, - And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace. I see. I see, where two fair cities bend Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend! There mighty nations shall enquire their doom. The world's great oracle in times to come; There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen Once more to bend before a British Queen.

'Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,

And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!

For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow, The coral redden, and the ruby glow, The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, And Phubus warm the rip'ning ore to gold. The time shall come, when free as seas or wind Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind. Whole nations enter with each swelling tide. And seas but join the regions they divide; Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold, And the new world launch forth to seek the old. Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide, And feather'd people croud my wealthy side, And naked youths and painted chiefs admire Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire! Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore, "Till conquest cease; and slav'ry be no more; Till the freed Indians in their native groves Resp their own fruits, and woo their sable loves, Peru once more a race of kings behold, And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold. Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell, In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell: Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, And mad Ambition shall attend her there: There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires. Her weapon blunted, and extinct her fires:

There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel, And Persecution mourn her broken wheel: There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain, And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays. Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

GRONGAR HILL

DYER.]

SILENT nymph, with curious eye! Who, the purple evining, lie On the mountain's lonely van, Beyond the noise of busy man, Painting fair the form of things, While the yellow linnet sigs; Or the tuneful nightingale Charms the forest with her tale; Come with all thy various hues, Come, and aid thy sister Muse; Now while Phœbus riding high Gives lustre to the land and sky! Grongar Hill invites my song, Draw the Landscape bright and strong; Grongar, in whose mossy cells Sweetly musing Quiet dwells; Grongar, in whose silent shade, For the modest Muses made. So oft I have, the even still. At the fountain of a rill, Sat upon the flow'ry bed, With my hand beneath my head;

And stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood, Over mead and over wood, From house to house, from hill to hill, Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wider and wider spreads the vale;
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, (unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height!)
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow, What a landscape lies below! No clouds, no vapours intervene, But the gay, the open scene Does the face of nature show, In all the hues of heav'n's bow! And, swelling to embrace the light, Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise, Proudly tow'ring in the skies! Rushing from the woods, the spires Seem from hence ascending fires! Half his beams Apollo sheds On the yellow mountain-heads! Gilds the fleeces of the flocks; And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,

And ancient tow'rs crown his brow, That cast an awful look below; Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps, And with her arms from failing keeps; So both a safety from the wind On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode: 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad: And there the fox securely feeds: And there the pois'nous adder breeds. Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds: While, ever and anon, there falls Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls. Yet time has seen, that lifts the low, And level lave the lofty brow. Has seen this broken pile complete. Big with the vanity of state; But transient is the smile of fate ! A little rule. a little swav. A sun-beam in a winter's day, Is all the proud and mighty have Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run, Through woods and meads, in shade and sun, Sometimes swift, sometimes alow, Wave succeeding wave, they go A various journey to the deep, Like human life to endless sleep! Thus is Nature's vesture wrought, To instruct our wand'ring thought; Thus she dresses green and gay, To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evining gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!

A step methinks may pass the stream, So little distant dangers seem; So we mistake the future's face, Ey'd through hope's deluding glass: As yon summits soft and fair, Clad in colours of the air, Which to those who journey near, Barren, brown, and rough appear: Still we tread the same coarse way, The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree, And never covet what I see: Content me with an humble shade, My passions tam'd, my wishes laid; For while our wishes wildly roll, We banish Quiet from the soul; 'Tis thus the busy beat the air; And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high, As on the mountain turf I lie; While the wanton zephyr sings, And in the vale perfumes his wings; While the waters murmur deep; While the shepherd charms his sheep; While the birds unbounded fly, And with music fill the sky, Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flow'rs Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

LOCHLEVEN. *

BRUCE. 7

Hail, native land! where on the flowery banks
Of Leven, Beauty ever-blooming dwells.
A wreath of roses, dropping with the dews
Of morning, circles her ambrosial locks
Loose waving o'er her shoulders: where she treads,
Attendant on her steps, the blushing Spring
And Summer wait, to raise the various flowers
Beneath her footsteps; while the cheerful birds
Carol their joy, and hail her as she comes,
Inspiring vernal love and vernal joy.

Attend, Agricola! who to the noise
Of public life prefer'st the calmer scenes
Of solitude, and sweet domestic bliss;
Joys all thine own! Attend thy poet's strain,
Who triumphs in thy friendship, while he paints
The pastoral mountains, the poetic streams,
Where raptur'd Contemplation leads thy walk,
While silent Evening on the plain descends.

This beautiful expanse of water, which is near twelve miles in circumference, is memorable in history, by the escape of Mary, Queen of Scots, from her confinement in the castle of Lochleven, which is situated on one of the islands near the centre of the lake.

Between two mountains, whose o'erwhelming tops, In their swift course, arrest the bellying clouds, A pleasant valley lies. Upon the south A narrow opening parts the craggy hills, Through which the lake, that beautifies the vale, Pours out its ample waters. Spreading on, And widening by degrees, it stretches north To the high Ochel, from whose snowy top The streams that feed the lake flow thund'ring down.

The twilight trembles o'er the misty hills,
Twinkling with dews: and whilst the bird of day
Tunes his ethereal note, and wakes the wood—
Bright from the crimson curtains of the morn,
The Sun, appearing in his glory, throws
New robes of beauty over heaven and earth.

O now, while Nature smiles in all her works,
Oft let me trace thy cowslip-cover'd banks,
O Leven! and the landscape measure round.
From gay Kinross, whose stately tufted groves
Nod o'er the lake, transported let mine eye
Wander o'er all the various chequer'd scene,
Of wilds, and fertile fields, and glittering streams,
To ruin'd Arnot; or ascend the height
Of rocky Lomond, where a rivulet pure

Bursts from the ground, and through the crumbled crags Tinkles amusive. From the mountain's top. Around me spread, I see the goodly scene. Inclosures green, that promise to the swain The future harvest: many-colour'd meads: Irriguous vales, where cattle lowe: and sheep, That whiten half the hills; sweet rural farms Oft interspers'd, the seats of pastoral love And innocence; with many a spiry dome Sacred to heav'n, around whose hallow'd walls Our fathers slumber in the narrow house. Gay, beauteous villas, bosom'd in the woods, Like constellations in the starry sky, Complete the scene. The vales, the vocal hills, The woods, the waters, and the heart of man, Send out a general song; 'tis beauty all To poet's eye, and music to his ear.

Nor is the shepherd silent on his hill, His flocks around; nor school-boys, as they creep, Slow-pac'd, tow'rd school; intent, with oaten pipe They wake by turns wild music on the way.

Behold the man of sorrows hail the light! New risen from the bed of pain; where late, Toss'd to and fro upon a couch of thorns, He wak'd the long dark night, and wish'd for morn. Soon as he feels the quickening beam of heav'n, And balmy breath of May, among the fields And flowers he takes his morning walk: his heart Beats with new life; his eye is bright and blithe; Health strews her roses o'er his cheek, renew'd In youth and beauty; his unbidden tongue Pours native harmony, and sings to heav'n.

In ancient times, as ancient bards have sung, This was a forest. Here the mountain-oak Hung o'er the craggy cliff, while from its top The eagle mark'd his prey; the stately ash Rear'd high his nervous statue, while below The twining alders darken'd all the scene. Safe in the shade, the tenants of the wood Assembled, bird and beast. The turtle-dove Coo'd, amorous, all the live-long summer's day. Lover of men, the piteous redbreast plain'd, Sole-setting on the bough. Blithe on the bush. The blackbird, sweetest of the woodland choir, Warbled his liquid lay; to shepherd-swain Mellifluous music, as his master's flock. With his fair mistress and his faithful dog, He tended in the vale: while leverets round. In sportive races, through the forest flew

With feet of wind; and, venturing from the rock. The snow-white coney sought his evening meal. Here, too, the poet, as inspir'd at eve He roam'd the dusky wood, or fabled brook That piecemeal printed ruins in the rock, Beheld the blue-eyed sisters of the stream, And heard the wild note of the fairy throng That charm'd the queen of heav'n; as round the tree, Time-hallow'd, hand in hand they led the dance, With sky-blue mantles glittering in her beam.

Low by the lake, as yet without a name, Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale; Arose a cottage, green with ancient turf, Half hid in hoary trees, and from the north Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the sun. Here dwelt a peasant, reverend with the locks Of age; yet youth was ruddy on his cheek: His farm his only care: his sole delight To tend his daughter, beautiful and young: To watch her paths; to fill her lap with flow'rs; To see her spread into the bloom of years The perfect picture of her mother's youth. His age's hope, the apple of his eye, Belov'd of heav'n, his fair Levina grew, In youth and grace, the Naiad of the vale.

Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny showers Of May, and blither than the bird of dawn, Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek. Soft temper'd with a smile. The light of heav'n. And innocence, illum'd her virgin-eye, Lucid and lovely as the morning star. Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom Of valley-lily, op'ning in a show'r; Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May, The glory of the year, when first she comes Array'd, all beauteous, with the robes of heav'n; And, breathing summer breezes, from her locks Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flowers. Thus beautiful she look'd; vet something more. And better far than beauty, in her looks Appear'd: the maiden blush of modesty; The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content; Health's freshest rose, the sun-shine of the soul: Each heightening each, effus'd o'er all her form A nameless grace, the beauty of the mind.

Thus finish'd far above her peers, she drew The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd The rival shepherds of the neighbouring dale, Who laid the spoils of Summer at her feet, And made the woods enamour'd of her name.

But pure as buds before they blow, and still A virgin in her heart, she knew not love: But all alone, amid her garden fair. From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, . She spent her days: her pleasing task to tend The flowers; to lave them from the water-spring; To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath; Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun. In vouth, the index of maturer years, Left by her school-companions at their play, She'd often wander in the wood, or roam The wilderness, in quest of curious flower. Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd. And hem'd her in the shade. To obvious swain. Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glen, She'd bring the beauteous spoils, and ask their names. Thus plied assiduous her delightful task, Day after day, till ev'ry herb she nam'd That paints the robe of Spring, and knew the voice Of every warbler in the vernal wood.

Her garden stretch'd along the river side, High up a sunny bank: on either side, A hedge forbade the vagrant foot; above, An ancient forest screen'd the green recess. Transplanted here, by her creative hand, Each herb of Nature, full of fragrant sweets. That scents the breath of Summer; ev'ry flow'r. Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days In shepherd's garland, and adorns the year, In beauteous clusters flourish'd: Nature's work. And order, finish'd by the hand of Art. Here gowans, natives of the village green, To daisies grew. The lilies of the field Put on the robe they neither sow'd nor spun. Sweet smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading trees, Unfrequent scatter'd, as by Nature's hand, Shaded the flowers: and to her Eden drew The earliest concerts of the Spring, and all The various music of the vocal year. Retreat romantic! Thus from early youth Her life she led; one summer's day, serene And fair, without a cloud; like poet's dreams Of vernal landscapes, of Elysian vales, And islands of the blest; where, hand in hand, Eternal Spring and Autumn rule the year, And Love and Joy lead on immortal youth!

'Twas on a summer's day, when early show'rs Had wak'd the various vegetable race
To life and beauty, fair Levina stray'd.
Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd

To gather herbs, and the fair race of flowers, That Nature's hand creative pours at will, Beauty unbounded, over Earth's green lap, Gay without number, in the day of rain. O'er vallies gay, o'er hillocks green she walk'd, Sweet as the season; and at times awak'd. The echoes of the vale, with native notes Of heart-felt joy, in numbers heav'nly sweet—Sweet as the hosannahs of a form of light, A sweet-tongued seraph in the bowers of bliss.

Her, as she halted on a green hill-top, A quiver'd hunter spied. Her flowing locks, In golden ringlets glittering to the sun, Upon her bosom play'd: her mantle green. Like thine, O Nature! to her rosy cheek Lent beauty new; as from the verdant leaf The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom, Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eve-Was caught as with ethereal presence. Oft He look'd to Heav'n, and oft he met her eye In all the silent eloquence of love; Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began: 'Fair wanderer of the wood! what heav'nly pow'r, : Or providence, conducts thy wandering steps To this wild forest, from thy native seat VOL. III.

And parents, happy in a child so fair? A shepherdess, or virgin of the vale, Thy dress bespeaks; but thy majestic mien. And eye, bright as the morning star, confess Superior birth and beauty, born to rule: As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils Her virgin orb, appears the queen of heav'n, And with full beauty gilds the face of night. Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex. And charmer of my soul? In vonder vale. Come, let us crop the roses of the brook, And wildings of the wood: soft under shade Let us recline by mossy fountain-side, While the wood suffers in the beam of noon. I'll bring my love the choice of all the shades: First fruits; the apple ruddy from the rock; And clustering nuts, that burnish in the beam. O wilt thou bless my dwelling, and become The owner of these fields? I'll give thee all That I possess; and all thou see'st is mine.'

Thus spoke the youth, with rapture in his eye; And thus the maiden, with a blush, began:
'Beyond the shadow of these mountains green,
Deep-bosom'd in the vale, a cottage stands,
The dwelling of my sire, a peaceful swain;

Yet at his frugal board Health sits a guest. And fair Contentment crowns his hoary hairs, The patriarch of the plains: ne'er by his door The needy pass'd, or the way-faring man. His only daughter, and his only joy, I feed my father's flock; and, while they rest, At times retiring, lose me in the wood, Skill'd in the virtues of each secret herb That opes its virgin bosom to the moon. No flower amid the garden fairer grows Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale, The queen of flow'rs-But sooner might the weed That blooms and dies, the being of a day, Presume to match with yonder mountain-oak, That stands the tempest and the bolt of Heav'n, From age to age the monarch of the wood. O! had you been a shepherd of the dale, To feed your flock beside me, and to rest With me at noon in these delightful shades. I might have listen'd to the voice of love. Nothing reluctant: might with you have walk'd Whole summer suns away. At even-tide, When heav'n and earth in all their glory shine With the last smiles of the departing sun; When the sweet breath of Summer feasts the sense, And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man;

We might have walk'd alone, in converse sweet, Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the moon. To hear the music of true lovers' vows; But fate forbids; and fortune's potent frown, And honour, inmate of the noble breast.

Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine: Cease, beauteous stranger! cease, belov'd youth! To vex a heart that never can be yours.'

Thus spoke the maid, deceitful: but her eyes, Beyond the partial purpose of her tongue, Persuasion gain'd. The deep-enamour'd youth Stood gazing on her charms, and all his soul Was lost in love. He grasp'd her trembling hand, And breath'd the softest, the sincerest vows Of love: 'O virgin! fairest of the fair! My one belov'd! were the Scottish throne To me transmitted through a scepter'd line Of ancestors, thou, thou should'st be my queen, And Caledonia's diadems adorn

A fairer head than ever wore a crown!'

She redden'd like the morning, under veil Of her own golden hair. The woods among They wander'd up and down with fond delay, Nor mark'd the fall of ev'ning: parted, then, The happiest pair on whom the sun declin'd.

Next day he found her on a flowery bank, Half under shade of willows, by a spring, The mirror of the swains, that o'er the meads Slow-winding, scatter'd flow'rets in its way. Through many a winding walk and alley green, She led him to her garden. Wonder-struck, He gaz'd, all eye, o'er th' enchanting scene: And much he prais'd the walks, the groves, the flow'rs. Her beautiful creation; much he prais'd The beautiful creatress; and awak'd The echo in her praise. Like the first pair. Adam and Eve. in Eden's blissful bow'rs. When newly come from their Creator's hand, Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day, In fond endearments, in embraces sweet, That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd, And found the paradise that Adam lost. Nor did the virgin, with false modest pride, Retard the nuptial morn: she fix'd the day. That bless'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes An age of gold, the heav'n of happiness That lovers in their lucid moments dream.

And now the morning, like a rosy bride Adorn'd on her day, put on her robes, Her beauteous robes of light: the naiad streams, Sweet as the cadence of a poet's song, How'd down the date; the wises of the grows, Indevery warged washier of the air, bung over head; and there was joy in hear'n. Risen with the down, the bride and bridal-maids bury'd strough the woods, and o'er the vales, in quest-Of dowers and qualands, and sweet-andling herbs, To strew the bridegroom's way, and deak his hed.

Fair in the bosom of the level lake Rose a green island, cover a with a spring Of fowers perpetual, goodly to the eye, And blooming from after. High in the milks. Between two humanns, an enchanted tree Grew ever green, and every mumb renew'd Its bissoms and applies of Hesperium gold. Here every bride (as ancient poets sing) Two golden apples gather'd from the bough, To give the bridegroup in the bed of love, The pledge of auptial concord and delight For many a coming year. Levina now Had reach'd the isle, with an attendant maid. And pull'd the mystic apples, pull'd the fruit; But wish'd and long'd for th' enchanted tree. Not funder sought the first created fair The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree, The source of human woe. Two plants arose Vair by the mother's side, with fruits and flow'rs In miniature. One, with audacious hand,
In evil hour she rooted from the ground.
At once the island shook, and shricks of woe
At times were heard, amid the troubled air:
Her whole frame shook, the blood forsook her face,
Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her died.
Trembling and pale, and boding woes to come,
They seiz'd the boat, and hurried from the isle.

And now they gain'd the middle of the lake, And saw th' approaching land: now, wild with joy, They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd. Sent by the angry demon of the isle, A whirlwind rose: it lash'd the furious lake To tempest, o'erturn'd the boat, and sunk The fair Levina to a watry tomb. Her sad companions, bending from a rock, Thrice saw her head, and supplicating hands Held up to Heav'n, and heard the shriek of death: Then overhead the parting billow clos'd, And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays The Muse relates; and sure each tender maid For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh. And haply my Eumelia, (for her soul Is pity's self) as, void of household cares, Her evening walk she bends beside the lake,

Which yet retains her name, shall sadly drop A tear, in memory of the hapless maid; And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth, Whom from his mistress death did not divide. Rob'd of the calm possession of his mind, All night he wander'd by the sounding shore, Long looking o'er the lake; and saw at times The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd: Till love and grief subdued his manly prime, And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.

I knew an aged swain, whose hoary head Was bent with years, the village-chronicle, Who much had seen, and from the former times Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth In winter evenings, to the gaping swains, And children circling round the fire, would tell Stories of old, and tales of other times. Of Lomond and Levina he would talk; And how of old, in Britain's evil days, When brothers against brothers drew the sword Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword, And all the country to devouring fire. Then these fair forests and Elysian scenes, In one great conflagration, flatn'd to heav'n.

Barren and black, by swift degrees arose

A muirish fen; and hence the labouring hind,
Digging for fuel, meets the mouldering trunks
Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Now sober Industry, illustrious pow'r!
Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy: now, sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;
Leads the long drain along th' unfertile marsh;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests, and the golden grain.

Fair from his hand behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
At even-tide, descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The streets resound with Labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a reverend row,
Their grey-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun,

Before the gate, and leaning on the staff, The well-remember'd stories of their youth Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.

How fair a prospect rises to the eye. Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms. For ever pleasant, and for ever new! Swells th' exulting thought, expands the soul. Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train Of bright ideas rushes on the mind: Imagination rouses at the scene; And backward, through the gloom of ages past. Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen, Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs, The mazy dance conducting on the green. Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales Thine, gentle Leven! Green on either hand Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough, With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice With all the riches of the golden year. Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side, Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks, Feed undisturb'd; and fill the echoing air With music, grateful to the master's ear. The traveller stops, and gazes round and round O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart.

With mirth and music. Ev'n the mendicant, Bowbent with age, that on the old grey stone, Sole sitting, suns him in the public way, Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

How beautiful around the lake outspreads Its wealth of waters, the surrounding vales Renews, and holds a mirror to the sky. Perpetual fed by many sister-streams, Haunts of the angler! First, the gulfy Po, That through the quaking marsh and waving reeds Creeps slow and silent on. The rapid Queech, Whose foaming torrents o'er the broken steep Burst down impetuous, with the placid wave Of flow'ry Leven, for the canine pike And silver eel renown'd. But chief thy stream, O Gairny! sweetly winding, claims the song. First on thy banks the Doric reed I tun'd, Stretch'd on the verdant grass: while twilight meek, Enrob'd in mist, slow-sailing through the air, Silent and still, on every closed flow'r Shed drops nectareous; and around the fields No noise was heard, save where the whispering reeds. Way'd to the breeze, or in the dusky air The slow-wing'd crane mov'd heavily o'er the lee, And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.

There would I sit, and tune some youthful lay; Or watch the motion of the living fires, That day and night their never-ceasing course Wheel round th' eternal poles; and bend the knee To Him the Maker of yon starry sky, Omnipotent! who, thron'd above all heavens, Yet ever present through the peopled space Of vast Creation's infinite extent, Pours life, and bliss, and beauty, pours himself, His own essential goodness, o'er the minds Of happy beings, through ten thousand worlds.

Nor shall the Muse forget thy friendly heart,
O Lelius! partner of my youthful hours.
How often, rising from the bed of peace,
We would walk forth to meet the summer morn,
Inhaling health and harmony of mind;
Philosophers and friends: while science beam'd,
With ray divine, as lovely on our minds
As yonder orient sun, whose welcome light
Reveal'd the verdant landscape to the view.
Yet, oft unbending from more serious thought,
Much of the looser follies of mankind,
Humorous and gay, we'd talk, and much would laugh;
While, ever and anon, their foibles vain
Imagination offer'd to our view.

Fronting where Gairny pours his silent urn Into the lake, an island lifts its head. Grass and wild, with ancient ruin heap'd Of cells; where from the noisy world retir'd Of old, as fame reports, Religion dwelt, Safe from the insults of the darken'd crowd That bow'd the knee to Odin; and in times Of ignorance, when Caledonia's sons (Before the triple-crown'd giant fallen) Exchang'd their simple faith for Rome's deceits. Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault: Where her pale votaries at the midnight hour, In many a mournful strain of melancholy, Chanted their orisons to the cold moon. It now resounds with the wild-shricking gull, The crested lapwing, and the clamorous mew, The patient heron, and the bittern dull, Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe That by the water seek th' appointed meal.

From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
"Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music wild;
Such as in Selma, by the burning oak,
Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling chords

Of untouch'd harp, self-sounding in the night. Perhaps th' afflicted genius of the lake, That leaves the wat'ry grot each night, to mourn The waste of time, his desolated isles, And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice Is heard resounding through the dreary courts Of high Lochleven Castle, famous once, Th' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line. Gothic the pile, and high the solid walk, With warlike ramparts and the strong defence Of jutting battlements: an age's toil! No more its arches echo to the noise' Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance Of blazing taper through its windows beams, And quivers on the undulating wave: But naked stand the melancholy walls, Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak, That whistle mournful through the empty halls. And piecemeal crumble down the towers to dust. Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tow'r, That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks. Half hid in grass, the solitary fox: While from above, the owl, musician dire! Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear,

Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,

A row of moss-green trees around it stand. Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops, A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year: Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life, When man draws nigh his everlasting home, Within a step of the devouring grave; When all his views and tow'ring hopes are gone, And every appetite before him dead.

Bright shines the morn, while in the ruddy east The sun hangs hovering o'er th' Atlantic wave. Apart on yonder green hill's sunny side, Seren'd with all the music of the morn. Attentive let me sit: while from the rock. The swains, laborious, roll the limestone huge, Bounding elastic from th' indented grass; At every fall it springs, and thundering shoots O'er rocks and precipices to the plain. And let the shepherd careful tend his flock Far from the dangerous steep; nor, O ve swains! Stray heedless of its rage. Behold the tears You wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse Of her dead husband pours: who, hapless man! Cheerful and strong, went forth at rising morn To usual toil; but, ere the evening hour, His sad companions bare him lifeless home.

Urg'd from the hill's high top, with progress swift, A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came; Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmov'd, Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain; When now arriv'd the instrument of death, And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land Drank up his blood: such was the will of Heav'n!

How wide the landscape opens to the view! Still as I mount the lessening hills decline, Till high above them northern Grampius lifts. His hoary head, bending beneath a load Of everlasting snow. O'er southern fields I see the Cheviot hills, the ancient bounds Of two contending kingdoms. There in fights Brave Percy and the gallant Douglas bled; The house of heroes, and the death of hosts! Watering the fertile fields, majestic Forth, Full, deep, and wide, rolls placid to the sea, With many a vessel trim and eared bark. In rich profusion cover'd, wasting o'er. The wealth and produce of far distant lands.

But chief mine eye on the subjected vale Of Leven pleas'd looks down; while o'er the trees. That shield the hamlet with the shade of years. The towering smoke of early fire ascends, And the shrill cock proclaims th' advanced morn.

How blest the man! who, in these peaceful plains, Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise, The care, and bustle of a busy world! All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale Of Solitude, the secret primrose-path Of rural life, he dwells; and with him dwells Peace and Content, twins of the silvan shade, And all the Graces of the golden age. Such is Agricola, the wise, the good; By nature formed for the calm retreat, The silent path of life. Learn'd, but not fraught With self-importance, as the starched fool, Who challenges respect by solemn face, By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase. Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose, Politeness, rais'd in courts by frigid rules, With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone, But man his study, and the better part; To tread the ways of virtue, and to act The various scenes of life with God's applause. Deep in the bottom of the flowery vale, With blooming fallows and the leafy twine Of verdant alders fenc'd, his dwelling stands Complete in rural elegance. The door,

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By which the poor or pilgrim never pane'd. Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart. There, O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs. At evening cool to sit; while, on their boughs, The nested songsters twitter o'er their young: And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks The silence wafted o'er the sleeping lake, Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge Of western cloud: while converse sweet deceives The stealing foot of time! Or where the ground. Mounded irregular, points out the graves Of our forefathers, and the hallow'd fane, Where swains assembling worship, let us walk, In softly-soothing melancholy thought, As Night's seraphic bard, immortal Young, Or sweet-complaining Gray; there see the goal Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tir'd, Oft miss'd the prize, the weary racer rests.

Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground! Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus The dear remembrance of his native fields, To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts Of dark December shook his humble cot.

THE PASSAGE OF

THE

MOUNTAIN OF ST. GOTHARD.

TO MY CHILDREN.

[DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.]

YE Plains where three-fold harvests press the ground.
Ye Climes where genial gales incessant swell,
Where Art and Nature shed profusely round
Their rival wonders—Italy farewell!

Still may thy year in fullest splendor shine!
Its icy darts in vain may Winter throw!
To thee a Parent, Sister, I consign,
And wing'd with health, I woo thy gales to blow.

Yet pleas'd, Helvetia's rugged brows I see, And thro' their craggy steeps delighted roam; Pleas'd with a people, honest, brave, and free, Whilst every step conducts me nearer home. I wander where Tesino madly flows,
From cliff to cliff, in foaming eddies tost;
On the rude mountain's barren breast he rose,
In Po's broad wave now hurries to be lost.

His shores, neat huts and verdant pastures fill,
And hills, where woods of Pine the storm defy;
While, scorning vegetation, higher still
Rise the bare rocks co-eval with the sky.

Upon his banks a favour'd spot I found,
Where shade and beauty tempted to repose;
Within a grove, by mountains circled round,
By rocks o'er-hung, my rustic seat I chose.

Advancing thence by gentle pace and slow, Unconscious of the way my footsteps prest, Sudden, supported by the hills below, St. Gothard's summit rose above the rest.

'Midst tow'ring cliffs, and tracts of eudless cold,
Th' industrious path pervades the rugged stone,
And seems—Helvetia let thy toils be told—
A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

No haunt of Men the weary trav'ller greets.

No vegetation smiles upon the moor.

Save where the flow'ret breathes uncultur'd sweets, Save where the patient Monk receives the poor.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly trac'd,
Let not these wilds with listless step be trod,
Here Fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,
Here Charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
And simple food, and wholesome lore bestows,
Extols the treasures that his mountain bears,
And paints the perils of impending snows.

For whilst bleak Winter numbs with chilling hand, Where frequent crosses mark the trav'ller's fate, In slow procession moves the merchant band, And silent bends, where tott'ring ruins wait.

Yet 'midst those ridges, 'midst that drifted snow, Can Nature deign her wonders to display: Here Adularia shines with vivid glow, And gems of crystal sparkle to the day.

Here too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,
Five silver lakes, in tranquil state are seen;
While from their waters, many a stream we trace,
That, 'scap'd from bondage, roll the rocks between,

Here flows the Reuss to seek her wedded love,
And with the Rhine, Germanic climes explore;
Her stream I mark'd, and saw her wildly move
Down the bleak mountain, thro' the craggy shore.

My weary footsteps hop'd for rest in vain,

For steep on steep, in rude confusion rose;

At length I paus'd above a fertile plain,

That promis'd shelter, and foretold repose.

Fair runs the streamlet o'er the pasture green,
Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle spread;
Embowering trees the peaceful village screen,
And guard from snow each dwelling's jutting shed.

Sweet vale! whose bosom wastes and cliffs surround, Let me awhile thy friendly shelter share! Emblem of life! where some bright hours are found, Amidst the darkest, dreariest years of care.

Delv'd thro' the rock, the secret passage bends,
Majestic horrors strike the dazzled sight;
Beneath the pendant bridge the stream descends
Calm—'till it tumbles o'er the frowning height,

We view the fearful pass—we wind along
The path that marks the terrors of our way—

'Midst beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,

The torrent pours, and throws its glittering spray.

Weary at length, serener scenes we hail,

More cultur'd groves o'ershade the grassy meads,

The neat tho' wooden hamlets deck the vale,

And Altorf's spires recal heroic deeds.

But the one more amidst those scenes I ream, My fancy long each image shall retain; The flock's returning to its welcome home, And the wild carol of the cow-herd's strain.

Lucernia's lake its glassy surface shews,
Whilst Nature's varied beauties deck its side;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves inclose,
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!

Where Tell directed the avenging dart,

With well strung arm, that first preserv'd his child,

Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Across the lake, and deep embower'd in wood, Behold another hallow'd chapel stands, Where three Swiss heroes lawless force withstood, And stamp'd the freedom of their native land. Their liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,

No blood demanded, and no slaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,

By social order form'd, by laws restrain'd.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil

With Nature's charms combin'd, adorns the v

And well earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,

And simple manners still maintain their sway.

Farewell Helvetia! from whose lofty breast
Proud Alps arise, and copious rivers flow;
Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,
And peaceful science gilds the plains below.

Oft on thy rocks the wond'ring eye shall gaze, Thy vallies oft the raptur'd bosom seek; There, Nature's hand her boldest work displays, Here, bliss domestic beams on ev'ry cheek.

Hope of my Life! dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
And more, oh transport! reach its home and

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

[GAY.]

Inscribed to Mr. Pope, 1713.

Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus."
Nemesian.

CANTO I.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known, Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town; In Windsor groves your easy hours employ, And, undisturb'd, yourself and muse enjoy. Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows, And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows; While all his wond'ring nymphs around thee throng, To hear the syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest by fortune's hand, Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land, Long in the noisy town have been immur'd, Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd; Where news and politics divide mankind, And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind.

VOL. III.

Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung; Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies. Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties. Each rival Machiavel with envy burns. And honesty forsakes them all by turns; While calumny upon each party's thrown, Which both promete, and both alike disown. Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose, And sooth'd my harrass'd mind with sweet repose. Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime, Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme. My muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains, And deck with Rural Sports her native strains: And, the same road ambitiously pursue, Frequented by the Mantuan swain, and you.

The not that rural sports alone invite;
But all the grateful country breathes delight.
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequests way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

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When the fresh Spring in all her state is erown'd, And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground, The labourer with a bending scythe is seen, Shaving the surface of the waving green; Of all her native pride disrobes the land, And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand. While with the mounting sun the meadow glows, The fading herbage round he loosely throws; But if some sign portend a lasting show'r. Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour; His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake, And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake; In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows, And spreads along the fields in equal rows.

Now, when the height of heav'n bright Pheebus gains, And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains, When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake, And in the middle path-way basks the snake; O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours: Hide me, ye forests! in your closest bowers, Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines, And with the beach a mutual shade combines; Where flows the murn'ring brook, inviting dreams, And bord'ring hazle overhangs the streams, Whose rolling currents, winding round and round, With frequent falls make all the woods resound.

Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast, And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains, And learn the labours of Italian swains; In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise, And all Hesperia opens to my eyes. I wander o'er the various rural toil. And know the nature of each different soil: This waving field is gilded o'er with corn; That, spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn: Here I survey the purple vintage grow. Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row: Now I behold the steed curvet and bound. And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground: The dew-lap'd bull now chafes along the plain, While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein; His well-arm'd front against his rival aims, And by the dint of war his mistress claims: The careful insect 'midst his works I view, Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew, With golden treasures load his little thighs, And steer his distant journey through the skies: Some against hostile drones the hive defend, Others with sweets the waxen cells distend: Each in the toil his destin'd office bears, And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day. And trudging homeward whistles on the way: When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand, Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand: (No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire:) When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees. Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze; Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray, To take my farewell of the parting day: Far in the deep the sun his glory hides. A streak of gold the sea and sky divides: The purple clouds their amber linings show, And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below: Here pensive I behold the fading light, And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrew th' uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glitt'ring path extends:
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer:
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of providence.
O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious author of the universe,

Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds, And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds; My soul should overflow in songs of praise, And my Creator's name inspire my lays!

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams.
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with ev'ry watery snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.

When floating clouds their spengy sleeces drain, Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain, And waters tumbling down the mountain's side, Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide; Then, soon as versal gales begin to rise, And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,

The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds, Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds; Upon a rising border of the brook. He sits him down, and ties the treach rous hook. Now expectation cheers his eager thought, His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught, Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand, Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws, Which down the murm'ring current gently flows; When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway Directs the roving trout this fatal way, He greedily sucks in the twining bait, And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat, Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line: How thy rod bends; behold, the prize is thine! Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains, And trickling blood his silver mail distants.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use, Judgment will tell the proper bait to chuse: The worm that draws a long immoderate size The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies; And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight, And fear forbids, while hunger does invite: Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss;
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his gracious beams, And shallow rivers flow with silver streams, Then the deceit the scaly breed survey, Bask in the sun and look into the day; You now a more delusive art must try, And tempt their hunger with the curious fly. To frame the little animal, provide All the gay hues that wait on female pride: Let nature guide thee: sometimes golden wire The shining bellies of the fly require; The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail, Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail: Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings, And lends the growing insect proper wings: Silks of all colours must their aid impart, And every fur promote the fisher's art. So the gay lady, with excessive care, Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air: Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing displays. Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year. How the succeeding insect race appear: In this revolving moon one colour reigns. Which in the next the fickle trout disdains. Oft have I seen the skilful angler try The various colours of the treach'rous fly. When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook, And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook, He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow. Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw: When, if an insect fall (his certain guide), He gently takes him from the whirling tide; Examines well his form with curious eves. His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size: Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds, And on the back a speckled feather binds, So just the colours shine thro' every part. That nature seems to live again in art. Let not thy wary step advance too near, While all thy hope hangs on a single hair: The new-form'd insect on the water moves. The speckled trout the curious snare approves; Upon the curling surface let it glide. With natural motion from thy hand supply'd: Against the stream now gently let it play, Now in the rapid eddy roll away.

The scaly shoals float by, and sais'd with face,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air:
But soon they leep, and catch the awingming beit,
Plunge on the book, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows, And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows. Then let the scherman his art renest. Where bubbling eddies favour the decoit. If an enormous salmen chance to spw The wanton errors of the floating fly, He lifts his silver gills above the fload. And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food; Then downward plunges with the fraudful prev. And bears with joy the little spoil away; Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake, Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake; With sudden rage be now aloft appears, And in his eye convulsive anguish bears; And now again, impatient of the wound, He rolls and wreaths his shining body round, Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide: The trembling fins the boiling wave divide. Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart, Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art; He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes, While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize; Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his bloodshot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous firmy race?
Let your figree dogs the ravenous otter chase:
(Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores:)
Or let the gim his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take;
Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake;
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insects stain my line.

Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd book, With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook, Silent along the mazy margin stray, And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO IL

Now, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins, Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains. Should you the various arms and toils rehearse, And all the fishermen adorn thy verse; Should you the wide encirching net display, And in its spacious arch inclose the sea; Then haul the plunging load upon the land, And with the soal and turbot hide the sand; It would extend the growing theme too long, And tire the reader with the wat'ry song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain, Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain, When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn, And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn. Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair, Haste! save the product of the bounteous year: To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield, And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let the fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, she stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground:
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;

Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry, And bid his fellows from the danger fly) Close to the ground in expectation lies, Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise. Soon as the blushing light begins to spread, And glancing Phoebus gilds the mountain's head, His early flight th' ill fated partridge takes, And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes. Or, when the sun casts a declining ray, And drives his chariot down the western way. Let your obsequious ranger search around Where yellow stubble withers on the ground: Nor will the roving spy direct in vain, But numerous coveys gratify thy pain, When the meridian sun contracts the shade, And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade; Or when the country floats with sudden rains, Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains; In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries. While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear; But what's the fewler's be the Muse's care. See how the well-taught pointer leads the way: The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise, And on swift wing divide the sounding skies; The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land:
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim;
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood resounds; he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror hears upon his soaring wing;
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
That greats the morning with his early strain:
When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,
While from each angle flash the glaneing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies;
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurara drives away the night.
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,

The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn, Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn; The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds, They rouze from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds: Wide through the furzy field their rout they take. Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake. The flying game their smoaking nostrils trace; No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace; The distant mountains echo from afar. And hanging woods resound the flying war. The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears, Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears: The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed, Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed; Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain. While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train. Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find? Hark! death advances in each gust of wind! New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries, Now circling turns, and now at large she flies: Till spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath; Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous Muse! hast thou the force. To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse? To keep the seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill, O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?

Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct, Or the strong fox, through all his arts, detect? The theme demands a more experienc'd lay: Ye mighty hunters, spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds! who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care;
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil:
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war:
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends, In cheerful labour while each day she spends! She gratefully receives what heav'n has sent, And, rich in poverty, enjoys content. (Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame, Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame.) She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains, Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins; He sees and ide to benefities care. Note in the wave smelt invited finance: Net some spin stres a sample matters lies. had he so game manage in sein: Res reputation, which a all mer mant. he a maticione par se er was last: No mornage managemale her benney weres. had south, are point, the fining bloom repairs. H works with passens in her bassin record, An ernal sames warms her happy swin.; No homebred jury her quet state control. Not natified justices terments her smi. With wester just the sees her little race Hang in her breast, and her small cuttage grace: The flerey ball their busy fingers call, (It from the windle draw the length'ning wool. Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind, Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Yn happy fields, unknown to noise and strife, The kind rewarders of industrious life; Yn shady woods, where once I us'd to rove, Alika indulgent to the Muse and love; Yn murm'ring streams, that in meanders roll, The sweet composers of the pensive soul; I'arewell!—The city calls me from your bow'rs: I'arewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours!

WINTER AMUSEMENTS

IN THE COUNTRY.

[J. SCOTT.]

To a Friend in London.

WHILE thee, my friend, the City's scenes detain, The cheerful scenes where trade and pleasure reign, Where glittering shops their varied stores display, And passing thousands crowd the public way; Where Painting's forms, and Music's sound delight, And Fashion's frequent novelties invite, And Conversation's sober social hours Engage the mind, and elevate its powers: Far different scenes for us the country yields, ... Deserted roads and unfrequented fields: Yet deem not, lonely as they are, that these Boast nought to charm the eye, the ear to please. Though here the tyrant Winter holds command, ... And bids rude tempests desolate the land; Sometimes the Sun extends his cheering beam, And all the landcape casts a golden gleam: Clear is the sky, and calm and soft the air, And through thin mist each object looks more fair.

Then, where the villa rears its sheltering grove, Along the southern lawn 'tis sweet to rove: There dark green pines, behind, their boughs extend And bright spruce firs, like pyramids, ascend, And round their tops, in many a pendent row, Their scaly cones of shining auburn show; There the broad cedar's level branches spread, And the tall cypress lifts its spiry head; With alaternus ilex interweaves, And laurels mix their glossy oval leaves; And gilded holly crimson fruit displays, And white viburnum o'er the border strays.

Where these from storms the spacious green hous screen,

Ev'n now the eye beholds a flowery scene; There crystal sashes ward th' injurious cold, And rows of benches fair exotics hold; Rich plants, that Afric's sunny cape supplies, Or o'er the isles of either India rise.

While strip'd geranium shows its tufts of red,
And verdant myrtles grateful fragrance shed;
A moment stay to mark the vivid bloom,
A moment stay to catch the high perfume,
And then to rural scenes—Yon path, that leads
Down the steep bourn and 'cross the level meads,

Soon mounts th' opponent hill, and soon conveys
To where the farm its pleasing group displays:
The rustic mansion's form, antiquely fair;
The yew-hedg'd garden, with its grass-plat square;
The barn's long ridge, and doors expanded wide;
The stable's straw-clad eves and clay-built side;
The cart-shed's roof, of rough-hewn round wood made,
And loose on heads of old sere pollards laid;
The granary's floor that smooth-wrought posts sustain,
Where hungry vermin strive to climb in vain:
And many an ash that wild around them grows,
And many an elm that shelter o'er them throws,

Then round the moat we turn, with pales inclos'd, And midst the orchard's trees in rows dispos'd, Whose boughs thick tufts of misletoe adorn With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne.

Thence up the lane, romantic woods among, Beneath old oaks with ivy overhung, (O'er their rough trunks the hairy stalks intwine, And on their arms the sable berries shine:) Here oft the sight, on banks bestrewn with leaves, The early primrose' opening bud perceives; And oft steep dells or ragged cliffs unfold The prickly furze with bloom of brightest gold;

Here oft the red-breast hope along the way,
And midst grey moss explores his insect prey;
Or the green woodspite flies with outery shrill,
And delves the sere bough with his sounding bill;
Or the rous'd have starts rustling from the brake,
And gaudy jays incessant clamour make;
Or echoing hills return from stubbles nigh
The sportsman's gun, and spaniel's yelping cry.

And now the covert ends in open ground, That spreads wide views beneath us all around: There turbid waters, edg'd with yellow reeds, Roll through the russet herd-forsaken meads: There from the meads th' enclosures sloping rise, And, 'midst th' enclosures, dusky woodland lies; While pointed spires and curling smokes, between, Mark towns and vills and cottages unseen. And now.—for now the breeze and noontide ray Clear the last remnants of the mist away,-Far, far o'er all extends the aching eye, Where azure mountains mingle with the sky: To these the curious optic tube applied, Reveals each object distance else would hide: There seats or homesteads, plac'd in pleasant shades, Show their white walls and windows through the glades; There rears the hamlet church its hoary tow'r. (The clock's bright index points the passing hour)

There green-rob'd huntsmen o'er the sunny lawn Lead home their beagles, from the chase withdrawn, And ploughs slow moving turn the broad campaign, While on steep summits feed the fleecy train.

But wintry months few days like these supply,
And their few moments far too swiftly fly:
Dank thaws, child fogs, rough winds, and beating rain,
To sheltering rooms th' unwilling step detain;
Yet there, my Friend, shall liberal Science find
Amusement various for th' inquiring mind,

While history's hand her sanguine record brings, With woes of nations fraught, and crimes of kings; Plague thins the street, and Famine blasts the plain, War wields his swood, Oppression binds his chain; Curiosity pursues th' unfolding tale, Which Reason blames, and Pity's tears bewail.

While Fancy's powers th' eventful novel frame, And Virtue's care directs its constant aim; As Fiction's pen domestic life powers, Its hopes and fears and joys and griefs displays, By Grandison's or Clinton's story mov'd, We read delighted, and we rise improv'd.

Then with bold Voyagers our thought explores Vast tracts of ocean, and untrodden shores; Now views rude climes, where ice-rocks drear aspire, Or red volcanos shoot their streams of fire: Now seeks sweet isles, where lofty palm groves wave, And cany banks translucent rivers lave; Where Plenty's gifts luxurisat load the soil. And Ease reposes, charm'd with Beauty's smile. Such, hapless Cook! amid the southern main, Rose thy Ta-heité's peaks and flowery plain. Why, daring wanderer! quit that blinsful land. To seek new dangers on a barbarous strand? Why doom'd, so long escap'd from storms and foes, Upon that strand thy dying eyes to close; Remote each place by habit render'd dear, Nor British friends nor Otaheitan near?

Nor less than books th' Engraver's works invite, Where past and distant come before the sight; Where, all the Painter's lively tints convey'd, The skilful copyist gives in light and shade: While faithful views the prospect's charms display, From coast to coast, and town to town, we stray; While faithful portraits human features trace, We gaze delighted on the speaking face;

Survey the port that bards and heroes bore, Or mark the smiles that high-born beauties wore.

Cease these to please? Philosophy attends
With arts where knowledge with diversion blends;
The Sun's vast system in a model shows;
Bids the clear lens new forms to sight expose;
Constructs machines, whose wondrous powers declare
Th' effects of light, and properties of air;
With whirling globes excites electric fires,
And all their force and all their use inquires.
O Nature! how immense thy secret store,
Beyond what ev'n a Priestley can explore!

Such, Friend, th' employments may his time divide, Whom rural shades from scenes of business hide; While o'er his ear unnotic'd glide away The noise and nonsense of the passing day!

THE FLEECE.

DYER.]

BOOK THE FOURTH. *

THE ABGUMENT.

The exportation of our manufactures. Voyage through the Channel, and by the coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean, Decur of our Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave-trade. The Cane of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Afric. Trade to Persia and Indostan precarious, through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Coromandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates; hence the passage through Hudson's Bay impracticable. Inquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific Ocean. View of the cousts of South America, and of those tempestuous Seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd, Glide the tall fleets into the wid'ning main, A floating forest: every sail, unfurl'd, Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.

• The Poem, from which this Extract is taken, was first published in the year 1757. It is divided into four books, descrip-

Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers, Steady; with eye intent upon the steel, Steady before the breeze, the pilot steers: While, gaily, o'er the waves, the mounting prows Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin To streak with various paths the hoary deep. Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought: Or sandy Elb or Weser,-who receive The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand.— Which, copious, gives return. While some explore Deep Finnic gulfs; and a new shore and mart, The bold creation of that Kesar's power, Illustrious Peter! whose magnific toils Repair the distant Caspian, and restore To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand. And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn. Soon sinks away the green and level beach Of Romney Marish; and Rye's silent port By angry Neptune clos'd; and Vecta's isle,

tive of the various mechanical operations connected with the fleece, from the period of its growth, to that of its exportation, in a manufactured state, to all parts of the habitable world. The fourth Book, which is here given entire, cannot fail to be read with the most lively interest, as it exhibits, without question, the most comprehensive and finest poetical view in our language, of the present widely-extended state of our commerce.

Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright. An hundred op'ning marts are seen, are lost. Devonia's hills retire,—and Edgcumb Mount. Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene! Yet, steady, o'er the waves they steer; and now, The fluctuating world of waters wide, In boundless magnitude, around them swells,-O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns, Nor woods, nor mountain-tops, nor aught appears But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light, Millions of leagues aloft. Heav'n's azure vault Bends, over-head, majestic, to its base, Uninterrupted clear circumference; Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the Cape Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot appears. Again, and oft, th' advent rous sails disperse: These, to Iberia; others, to the coasts Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tharsis deem'd Of Solomon; fair regions! with the webs Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester: Light airy clothing for their vacant swains And visionary monks. We, in return, Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft. Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd; And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth, Spur of activity, to good or ill

Pow'rful incentive; or Hesperian fruits, Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright, The fig, and orange; and heart-cheering wine.

Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage throa The gates of Hercules,* find many seas, And bays unnumber'd opening to their keels; But shores inhospitable oft, to fraud And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracks become Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts. Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves Resign their ruins: Tiber's boasted flood, Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep, Now creeps along thro' brakes and yellow dust, While Neptune scarce perceives its murm'ring rill. Such are th' effects when Virtue slacks her hands: Wild Nature back returns. Along these shores, Neglected Trade with difficulty toils, Collecting slender stores,—the sun-dry'd grape. Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste Of Luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand, Bereft of human discipline, has lost Its ancient lustre:-Alexandria's port, Once the metropolis of trade—as Tyre;

^{*} The Straits of Gibraltan

And elder Sidon; as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens; as rich Corinth; Rhodes;
Unhonor'd droops. Of all the num'rous marts
That in those glitt'ring seas with splendor rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,
Remains in prosp'rous state; and Tripolis;
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.

To these resort the delegates of Trade, Soc al in life. a virtuous brotherhood.— And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms. Or Stroud, dispense; yet see, with vain regret, Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now Or sought or valued: copious webs arrive. Smooth wov'n, of other than Britannia's fleece, On the throng'd strand alluring; the great skill Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails-That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah-it is not-Wrong not the Gaul: it is the foe within Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe: 'Tis he who pours into the shops of trade That impious poison: it is he who gains The sacred seat of parliament, by means That vitiate and emasculate the mind; By sloth, by lewd intemp'rance, and a scene Of riot, worse than that which ruin'd Rome,

This, this the Tartar and remote Chinese, And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

Meantime, (while those who dare be just, oppose The various pow'rs of many-headed Vice,) Ye delegates of Trade! by patience rise O'er difficulties:—in this sultry clime. Note what is found of use; the flix of goat, Red wool, and balm, and caufee's berry brown. Or drooping gum, or opium's lenient drug: Unnumber'd arts await them. Trifles, oft. By skilful labour, rise to high esteem. Nor what the peasant,—near some lucid wave, Pactolus, Simoïs, or Mæander slow, Renown'd in story,-with his plough up-turns, Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase, Statue, and bust of old magnificence, Beautiful relics. Oh! could modern time. Restore the mimic art; and the clear mien Of patriot sages,-Walsinghams and Yorkes, And Cecils,-in long-lasting stone preserve! But mimic Art and Nature are impair'd-Impair'd they seem-or, in a varied dress, Delude our eyes. The world in change delights; Change then your searches, with the varied modes And wants of realms. Sabean Frankincense Rare is collected now: few altars smoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaiah views
Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast:
Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
With gloomy cowl, majestical no more.

See the dark spirit of tyrannic pow'r!
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
And the MϚtis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hostile battlement. In aught
That joys mankind, the arbitrary Turk
Delights not; insolent of rule, he spreads
Thraldom and desolation o'er his realms.

Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce discovers: the Livonian gulf
Receives her sails, and leads them to the port
Of rising Petersburg.—whose splendid streets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Cossac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, mund the balea
In crouds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoid,
Rough with the stings of Fost, from his dark caves

Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage O'ertake his homeward step; and they that dwell Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams; And borderers of the Caspian, who renew That ancient path to India's climes which fill'd With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

Many have been the ways to those renown'd Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known To Memphis, to the port of wealthy Tyre; To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness, Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails; And sacred Salem, when her num'rous fleets From Ezion-geber pass'd th' Arabian gulf.

But later times, more fortunate, have found O'er ocean's open wave a surer course,—
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracks,
And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now, of commerce, made the scene immense,—
Which daring ships frequent; associated
Like doves or swallows in th' etherial flood;
Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

Some coast from port to port, with various men And manners conversant; of th' angry surge, That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with foam, Regardless,—or the monsters of the deep, (Porpoise or grampus, or th' rav'nous shark,) That chase their keels,—or threat'ning rock o'erhead, Of Atlas old. Beneath the threat'ning rocks, Reckless they furl their sails, and, bart'ring, take Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool, Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.

The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,—And high Bojador. Zara, too, displays Unfruitful deserts. Gambia's wave in-isles An ouzy coast; and pestilential ills Diffuses wide: behind, are burning sands, Adverse to life; and Nilus' hidden fount.

On Guinea's sultry strand the drapery light
Of Manchester, or Norwich, is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory: yet the valued trade
Along this barbarous coast, in telling, wounds
The gen'rous heart—the sale of wretched slaves:
Slaves by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death

For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies,—which yield
The sugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increasing navies to their crowded wharfs.

But let the man whose rough tempestuous hours, In this advent'rous traffic, are involv'd, With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce. Wickedness is blind.
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds; and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride-of-heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.

Hot Guinea too, gives yellow dust of gold, Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides Of unknown hills,—where fiery-winged winds, And sandy desarts, rous'd by sudden storms, All search forbid. Howe'er, on either hand, 'Vallies and pleasant plains, and many a track Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found Fertile and populous. Their sable tribes, In shade of verdant groves and mountains tall, Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain, And soft refreshing breezes: nor are lakes

Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread, Which to the distant Nile and Senegal. Send long meanders.—Whate'er lies beyond, Of rich, or barren. Ignorance o'ercasts: With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast Is seldom visited,—and the rough shore Of Caffres, land of savage Hottentots: Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave Their aged parents. What barbarity-And brutal ignorance, where social trade Is held contemptible! Ye gliding sails! From these inhospitable, gloomy shores, Indignant, turn; and to the friendly Cape. Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope Of prosp'rous voyage, steer. Rejoice to view What trade, with Belgian industry, creates; Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns; And yellow tilth; and groves of various fruits, Delectable in husk, or glossy rind: There the capacious vase, from crystal springs, Replenish; and convenient store provide, Like ants intelligent of future need.

See! thro' the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how Traffic shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast

Of Sofala, thought Ophir,-in whose hills, Ev'n yet some portion of its ancient wealth Remains,—and sparkles in the yellow sand Of its clear streams, tho' unregarded now: Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course. The vessels glide; unless their speed be stop'd By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas, While ev'ry zephyr sleeps:—then the shrouds drop: The downy feather on the cordage hung. Moves not: the flat sea shines like vellow gold. Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor Of some old temple wide. But where so wide, In old, or later time, its marble floor Did ever temple boast as this,-which, here, Spreads its bright level, many a league around? At solemn distances, its pillars rise; Sofal's blue rocks; Mozambic's palmy steeps; And lofty Madagascar's glitt'ring shores, Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue. And glossy shells in elegance of form-For Pond's rich cabinet. or Sloane's-are found. Such calm oft checks their course; till this bright scene Is brush'd away before the rising breeze, That joys the busy crew, and speeds again The sail full-swelling to Socotra's isle, For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts

Of Ormus or Gombroon,—whose streets are oft With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd, From neighbouring provinces, and realms afar,—And fill'd with plenty,—tho' dry sandy wastes Spread naked round: so great the power of trade.

Persia, few ports :--more happy Indostan Beholds Surat and Goa, on her coasts,-And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd, Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves. But what avails, or many ports or few, Where wild Ambition, frequent, from his lair Starts up; while fell Revenge and Famine lead To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip, Which clanks along the vallies? Oft, in vain, The merchant seeks upon the strand whom erst, Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloth'd; In vain whom Rage or Famine has devour'd He seeks; --- and, with increas'd affection, thinks On Britain. Still howe'er, Bombaya's wharfs Pile up blue indigo; and, of frequent use, Pungent salt-petre: woods of purple grain: And many-color'd saps from leaf and flow'r: And various gums; (the clothier knows their worth;) And wool resembling cotton shorn from trees,-Not to the fleece unfriendly,—whether mix'd

In warp or woof,—or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material,—tho' its aid
To vulgar eyes appear not. Let none deem
The fleece in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By every traffic, aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,—
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds or Cairo, Lima or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,—
Tho' all, unconscious of the union, act.

Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles:
Woody Chaetta; Birter rough with rocks;
Green-rising Barmur; Mincoy's purple hills;
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
Of bees in summer on a poplar's trunk,
Clust'ring innumerable. These, behind
His stern, receding,— o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks,—from whose volcanoes, rise
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Darted in air aloft; around whose feet,
Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,

In various prospect; Ceylon also deem'd The ancient Ophir. Next, Bengala's bay, On the vast globe the deepest ;--while the prow Turns, northward, to the rich, disputed strand Of Cor'mandel,-where Traffic grieves to see Discord and Avarice invade her realms. Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud, ' Peace, peace, ve blinded Britons! and ye Gauls! ' Nation to nation is a light, a fire, · Enkindling Virtue, Sciences, and Arts: But cries, aloud, in vain. Yet wise Defence. Against Ambition's wide-destroying pride, Madras erected; and saint David's fort; And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams, Guarding the woven fleece: Calcutta's tow'r: And Maldo's: and Patana's. From their holds. The shining bales our factors deal abroad,-And see the country's products, in exchange, Before them heap'd: cotton's transparent webs: Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs: Alom, and lacque; and clouded tortoise-shell; And brilliant diamonds, to decorate Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all The kingdoms round, our drap'ries are dispers'd; O'er Bukor; Cabul; and the Bactrian vales;

And Cassimere; and Atoc, on the stream

Of old Hydaspes; Porus' hardy realm; And late discover'd Tibet, where the fleece, By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought To threadless drapery,—which, in conic forms, Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorns.

The keels which voyage thro' Molucca's straits, Amid a cloud of spicy odours, sail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd,—whose woods
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures. Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board, the fragrant clove
And nutmeg,—to those narrow bounds confin'd;
While gracious Nature, with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.

Near those delicious isles, the beauteous coast
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of Trade! that ever-flow'ry shore,
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike, the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall glossy tow'rs, of porcelain,
And pillar'd pagods, shine; rejoic'd, they see
The port of Canton opening to their prows;
And, in the winding of the river, moor.

Upon the strand, they heap their glossy bales; And works of Birmingham, in brass or steel: And flint, and pond'rous lead, from deep cells rais'd, Fit ballast in the fury of the storm. That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn mast: These, for the artists of the fleece, procure Various materials: and, for affluent life, The flavor'd tea, and glossy-painted vase; Things elegant, (ill-titled, "luxuries,") In temperance us'd, delectable and good; They, too, from hence, receive the strongest thread Of the green silk-worm. Various is the wealth Of that renown'd and ancient land; secure, In constant peace, and commerce; till'd to th' height Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars, Bright habitations glitter on each hill. And rock, and shady dale. Ev'n on the waves Of copious rivers, lakes, and bord'ring seas, Rise floating villages. No wonder-when. In every province, firm and level roads, And long canals, and navigable streams, Ever with ease conduct the works of toil To sure and speedy markets; thro' the length Of many a crowded region, many a clime, To the imperial tow'rs of Cambalu-Now Pekin-where the fleece is not unknown:

Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome, And Yare, and Avon slow, and rapid Trent, Thither, by Russic caravans, are brought,— Thro' Scythia's num'rous regions, waste and wild,— Journey immense! which to th' attentive ear, The Muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.

From the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while
The watery seat of Desolation wide,
Issue these trading caravans,—and urge,
Thro' dazzling snows, their dreary trackless road,
By compass steering, oft, from week to week,
From month to month. Whole seasons view their toils.
Neva they pass; and Kesma's gloomy flood;
Volga; and Don; and Oka's torrent prone,
Threat'ning in vain; and many a cataract—
In its fall—stop'd—and bound with bars of ice.

Close on the left, unnumber'd tracks they view
White with continual frost; and, on the right,
The Caspian Lake, and ever-flow'ry realms,
Tho' now abhorr'd, behind them turn,—the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are destin'd to the sword; and, on each hand,
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot
Thick strown; while, in their rough, bewilder'd vales,

The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain.—
And silver fountains fall,—and nightingales
Attune their notes,—where none are left to hear.

Sometimes, o'er level ways, on easy sleds, The gen'rous horse conveys the sons of Trade, And ever and anon the docile dog: And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace Skim over icy lakes. Now, slow, they climb Aloft, o'er clouds; and, then, adown descend To hollow vallies,-till the eye beholds The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls Shine, like the rising moon, thro' wat'ry mists; Tobol! th' abode of those unfortunate Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war; Solemn fraternity! where carl and prince, Soldier and Statesman, and uncrested chief. On the dark level of adversity, Converse familiar: while, amid the cares And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness, Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks Of trade are kindled. Trade arises, oft. And virtae, from adversity and want: Be witness, Carthage! witness, ancient Tyre! And thou, Batavia! daughter of distress. This with his hands, which erst the truncheon held, The hammer lifts: another bends and weaves The flexile willow: that the mattock drives. All are employ'd; and, by their works, acquire Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements. Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan Thro' lively-spreading cultures, pastures green, And vellow tillages in opening woods: Thence on, thro' Narim's wilds, a pathless road They force; with rough entangling thorns perplex'd; Land of the lazy Ostiacs, thin dispers'd, Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe, Tenfold augmented; miserable tribe! Void of commercial comforts: who nor corn. Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine, Know to procure; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share, Nor social aid:-beneath their thorny bed The serpent hisses,—while, in thickets nigh, Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare, And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks And azure mountains; and the heights admire Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding crags Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns Pour mighty rivers down; th' impetuous streams Of Oby; and Irtis; and Jenisca swift; Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes pan'd, A new scene strikes their eyes. Among the clouds, Aloft, they view—what seems a clasin of cliffs, Nature's proud work—that matchless work of Art, The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's pow'r, In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops, Frequent, are seen, in haughty march, along Its ridge—a vast extent, beyond the length Of many a potent empire!—tow'rs and ports, Three times a thousand, lift, thereon, their brows, At equal spaces; and in prospect, 'round, Cities, and plains, and kingdoms overlook.

At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep vaulted gates,—whose opening folds
Conduct, at length, to Pekin's glittering spires;
The destined mart; where, joyous, they arrive.
Thus, are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of stedfast earth; for so!
Pabled Antiquity—ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the op'ning mind of curious man.

Now, to the other hemisphere, my Muse! A new world found, extend thy daring wing. Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine

From high Parnassus, the unweary'd toils Of Industry and Valour, in that world Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.

Happy the voyage o'er th' Atlantic brine
By active Raleigh made; and great the joy
When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,
A rising coast, for future colonies,
Op'ning her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of Labour: thither from the wrongs
Of lawless rule—the free-born spirit flies;
Thither Affliction,—thither Poverty,—
And Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind!

But joy superior far his bosom warms
Who views those shores in ev'ry culture dress'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various states, pow'rful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely—for themselves, and for those tribes

Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land; In amity conjoin'd,—of civil life The comforts taught, and various new desires, Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor, And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.

Ye who the shuttle cast along the loom,
The silk-worm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian track;
Nor slight the green Savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina; where thick woods arise
Of mulberries; and in whose water'd fields
Upsprings the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
Where are the happy regions which afford
More implements of commerce and of wealth?

Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overshades some crystal river, spreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
The fleecy shuttle; to her growing marts,
The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks come;
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
Blush, Europeans! whom the circling cup

Of luxury intoxicates;—ye routs!

Who for your crimes have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle! who, in vain,
Seek easy habitations, void of care:—
The sons of Nature, with astonishment,
And detestation, mark your evil deeds;
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveless arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

See the bold emigrants of Accadie, And Massachuset, happy in those arts . That join the politics of trade and war. Bearing the palm in either;—they appear Better exemplars:—and that hardy crew. Who, from the frozen beach of Newfoundland, Hang their white fish amid the parching winds: The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof, Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth; And frize of Cambria, worn by those who seek. Thro' gulfs and dales of Hudson's winding bay, The beaver's fur, tho' oft they seek in vain, While Winter's frosty rigour checks approach. E'en in the fiftieth latitude. Say why, (If ye, the travell'd sons of Commerce, know,) Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales, Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice:---VOL. III.

While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms, By the same zone encircled, long enjoy Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, behold Their plains and hillocks blush with clust'ring vines?

Must it be ever thus? or may the hand Of mighty Labour drain their gusty lakes, Enlarge the bright'ning sky, and, peopling, warm The opening vallies and the yellowing plains? Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain. Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks. And thro' the great Pacific every joy Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles Numerous and large? have they not harbours calm. Inhabitants and manners? haply too, Peculiar sciences, and other forms Of trade, and useful products, to exchange For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed, Bahama and Caribbee, may be found Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's Isle The standard of Britannia shall arise. Proud Buenos Ayres, low-couched Paraguay, And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye, The lab'ring vessel: neither may we trust The dreary, naked Patagonian land,

Which darkens in the wind. No traffic there. No barter for the fleece. There angry storms Bend their black brows, and raging hurl around Their thunders. Ye adventurous Mariners! Be firm : take courage from the brave. 'Twas there Perils and conflicts inexpressible Anson, with steady, undespairing breast, Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd His country's foes. Fast-gathering tempests rouz'd Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror: now. Rapidly, with the world of waters, down Descending to the channels of the deep, He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyss. And now the stars, upon the loftiest point Toss'd of the sky-mix'd surges. Oft the burst Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas, Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts: While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, reveal'd Ruins of decks and shrouds, and sights of death.

Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheer,—Gaining, at intervals, slow way, beneath Del Fuego's rugged cliffs; and the white ridge Above all height, (by opening clouds reveal'd,) Of Montegorda; and inaccessible

Wreck-threat'ning Statenland's o'erhanging shere,— Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild Posture of falling: as when Pelion, rear'd On Ossa, and, on Ossa's tottering head Woody Olympus,—by the angry gods Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.

At length, thre' every tempest, as some branch Which from a poplar falls into a loud Impetuous estaract, the' deep immers'd, Yet re-ascends, and glides, on lake or stream, Smooth thre' the vallies; so his way he won To the serene Pacific, flood immense!

And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.

Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involv'd, His vengeance felt; and fair occasion gave
To shew humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to Pride
And Violence; altho' the far stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their civil cause. Tho' fell Disease,
Un'bating Labour, tedious Time conspir'd,
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Thro' that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the world,
Deny'd all hospitable land or port,—

Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found To moor,—no bottom in th' abyse whereon To drop the fast'ning anchor; the' his brave Companions ceas'd, subdu'd by toil extreme; Tho' solitary left in Tinian's seas, Where never was before the dreaded sound Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark Met, fought the proud Iberian, and o'creame. So fare it ever with our country's foes!

Rejoice, ye Nations! vindicate the sway Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour The fruits of plenty from her copious horn. What can avail to her, whose fertile earth By Ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd, The armed bost, and murd'ring sword of war, And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks Her solemn compacts in the lust of rule. Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs The hely peace of states. 'Tis her delight To fold the world with harmony, and spread. Among the habitations of mankind, The various wealth of toil, and what her fleece, To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms, Peculiar give. Ye, too, rejoice, ye Swaims! Increasing commerce shall reward your cares.

A day will come,—if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careless wealth,
Pernicious gift, bestows,—a day will come
When thro' new channels sailing, we shall clothe
The Californian coast, and all the realms
That stretch from Anian's Straits to proud Japan;
And the green isles, which on the left arise
Upon the glassy brine,—whose various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the sailor's chart:—
Then, every variation shall be told
Of the magnetic steel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.

That portion, too, of land, a tract immense, Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be known, And new plantations on its coast arise.

Then rigid Winter's ice no more shall wound The only naked animal: but man

With the soft fleece shall every-where be cloth'd.

Th' exulting Muse shall then, in vigour fresh, Her flight renew. Meanwhile, with weary wing, O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores

Siluria's flow'ry vales, her old delight;

The shepherds' haunts, where the first springs arise, Of Britain's happy trade,—now spreading wide, Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific seas,

Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE TRAVELLER:

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

[GOLDSMITH.]

1765.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain,

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend, And round his dwelling guardish saints attend; Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire; Blest that abode, where want and pain repair, And every stranger finds a ready chair; Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd, Where all the ruddy family around Laugh at the jests or prents that never fail; Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale; Or press the bashful stranger to his food, And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend, I sit me down a pensive hour to spend; And, plac'd on high above the storm's career, Look downward where an hundred realms appear; Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide, The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine, Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine? Say, should the philosophic mind disdain That good which makes each humbler bosom vain? Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and aplendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below, Who can direct, when all pretend to know? The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own: Extols the treasures of his stormy seas, And his long nights of revelry and ease; The naked negro, panting at the line, Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine. Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave, And thanks his gods for all the good they gave. Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam. His first, best country, ever is at home. And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare. And estimate the blessings which they share, Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find An equal portion dealt to all mankind; As different good, by art or nature given, To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails; And honour sinks where commerce long prevails. Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone, Conforms and models life to that alone. Each to the fav'rite happiness attends, And spurns the plan that aims at other ends; 'Till carried to excess in each domain, This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like you neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends, Bright as the summer, Italy extends; Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side, Woods over woods in gay theatric pride; While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between, With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,

The sons of Italy were surely blest.

Whatever fruits in different climes are found,

That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright suspession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil:
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that gense alone bestows, And sensual bliss is all the nation knows. In florid beauty groves and fields appear, Man seems the only growth that dwindles here. Contrasted faults through all his manners reign : Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain; Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue; And even in penance planning sins anew. All evils here contaminate the mind, That opulence departed leaves behind: For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date. When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state; At her command the palace learnt to rise, Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies; The canvass glow'd beyond e'en nature warm; The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form. Till, more unsteady than the southern gale, Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;

While nought remain'd of all that riches gave, But towns unmann'd, and lards without a slave: And late the nation found with fruitless skill Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supply'd By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride; From these the feeble heart, and long-fall'n mind, An easy compensation seem to find. Here may be been, in bloodless pomp array'd, The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade: Processions form'd for picty and love, A mistress or a saint in every grove. By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd. The sports of children satisfy the child; Each nobler aim, represt by long controll. Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul; While low delights suggeding fast behind, In happier meanness occupy the mind: As in those domes, where Cassars once bore sway, Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay, There in the ruin, heedless of the dead, The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed; And, wondering man could want the larger pile, Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display.
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm, Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small, He sees his little lot the lot of all;

Sees no contiguous palace rear its head

To shame the meanness of his humble shed;

No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal

To make him loath his vegetable meal;

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,

Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,

Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;

With patient angle trolls the finny deep,

Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way, And drags the struggling savage into day. At night returning, every labour sped, He sits him down the monarch of a shed; Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze; While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard, Displays her cleanly platter on the board: And haply too some pilgrim, thither led, With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart, Imprints the patriot passion on his heart; And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise, Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies. Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms, And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms; And as a child, when scaring sounds molest, Clings close and closer to the mother's breast, So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar, But hind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd; Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd. Yet let them only share the praises due, If few their wants, their pleasures are but few; For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way;
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign, I turn; and France displays her bright domain. Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease, Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please, How often have I led thy sportive choir, With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire? Where shading elms along the margin grew, And freshen'd from the wave the sephyr flew; And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still, But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill: Yet would the village praise my wond rous power, And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour. Alike all ages: dames of ancient days Have led their children through the mirthful mane, And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestie lore, Has frish'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display, Thus idly busy rolls their world away; Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear, For honour forms the social temper here. Honour, that praise which real merit gains, Or e'en imaginary worth obtains, Here passes current; paid from hand to hand, It shifts in splendid traffic round the land: From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays, And all are taught an avarice of praise;

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem, Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies, Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies. Methinks her patient sons before me stand, Where the broad ocean leans against the land, And, sedulous to stop the coming tide, Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride. Onward methinks, and diligently slow, The firm connected bulwark seems to grow; Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar, Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore. While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile, Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile; The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale, The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail, The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil Impels the native to repeated toil, Industrious habits in each bosom reign, And industry begets a love of gain. Hence all the good from opulence that springs, With all those ills superfluous treasure brings, Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; But view them closer, craft and fraud appear, E'en liberty itself is barter'd here. At gold's superior charms all freedom flies. The needy sell it, and the rich man buys; A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves, Here wretches seek dishonourable graves. And calmly bent, to servitude conform, Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic sires of old! Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold; War in each breast, and freedom on each brow; How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing, And flies where Britain courts the western spring; Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride. And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide; There all around the gentlest breezes stray, There gentle music melts on every spray; Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd. Extremes are only in the master's mind! Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state With daring aims irregularly great; Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, I see the lords of human kind pass by; Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band, By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand. Fierce in their native hardiness of soul. True to imagin'd right, above controul, While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan. And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here, Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear; Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state, I mean to flatter kings, or court the great; Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires, Who think it freedom when a part aspires!

Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,

Except when fast approaching danger warms:

But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,

Contracting regal power to stretch their own,

When I behold a factious band agree

To call it freedom when themselves are free;

Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law:

The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,

Pillagid from slaves to purchase slaves at home;

Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour, When first ambition struck at regal power; And thus polluting honour in its source, Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force. Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore, Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore? Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste, Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste; Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain, Lead stern Depopulation in her train, And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose, In barren solitary pomp repose? Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call, The smiling, long-frequented village fall? Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd, The modest matron, and the blushing maid, Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train, To traverse climes beyond the western main; Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around, And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways; Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find That bliss which only centres in the mind: Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose. To seek a good each government bestows? In every government, though terrors reign, Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain, How small of all that human hearts endure, That part which laws or kings can cause or cure. Still to ourselves in every place consign'd, Our own felicity we make or find: With secret course, which no loud storms annov, Glides the smooth current of domestic joy. The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel, Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel, To men remote from power but rarely known. Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

[GOLDSMITH.] 1769.

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain, Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain, Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid, And parting summer's ling'ring bloom delay'd. Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please. How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green, Where humble happiness endear'd each scene! How often have I paus'd on every charm. The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm, The never failing brook, the busy mill, The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill. The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade. For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made! How often have I bless'd the coming day, When toil remitting lent its turn to play, And all the village train, from labour free, Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree. While many a pastime circled in the shade, The young contending as the old survey'd; VOL. III.

And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his amutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fied.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn!
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all, And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall, And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand, Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords, may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began, When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd his man; For him light labour spread her wholesome store, Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more: His best companions, innocence and health; And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,

Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene, Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green; These, far departing, seek a kinder shore, And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew;
Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
Trace every scene, and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past, Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline, Retreats from care, that never must be mine! How blest is he who crowns in shades like these, A youth of labour with an age of ease; Who quits a world where strong temptations try. And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly! For him no wretches, born to work and weep, Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep; Nor surly porter stands in guilty state, To spurn imploring famine from the gate; But on he moves to meet his latter end. Angels around befriending virtue's friend; Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay, While resignation gently slopes the way; And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last, His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close, Up yonder hill the village murmur rose; There, as I past with careless steps and slow, The mingling notes came soften'd from below; The swain responsive as the milk-maid sting, The sober herd that low'd to meet their young; The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool, The playful children just let loose from school;

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind, And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind: These all in soft confusion sought the shade, And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made. But now the sounds of population fail, No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale. No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread, But all the bloomy flush of life is fled. · All but you widow'd, solitary thing, That feebly bends beside the plashy spring; She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread, To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread, To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn, And seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn; She only left of all the harmless train, The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd, And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild; There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose, The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize. More bent to raise the wretched than to rise. His house was known to all the vagrant train, He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain; The long-remember'd beggar was his guest, Whose beard descending swept his aged breast; The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud, Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd; The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, Sate by his fire and talk'd the night away: Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done. Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won. Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow: And quite forgot their vices in their woe; Careless their merits or their faults to scan. His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid, And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismay'd, The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul, Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul; Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace, His looks adorn'd the venerable place; Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway, And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. The service past, around the pious man, With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran: Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile. And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile. His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest, Their welfare pleas'd him, and their care distrest; To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n, But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n. As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form. Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm. Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread. Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way, With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay, There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule, The village master taught his little school; A man severe he was, and stern to view, I knew him well, and every truant knew;

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace The day's disasters in his morning face; Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee, At all his jokes, for many a joke had he; Full well the busy whisper circling round. Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd; Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught, The love he bore to learning was in fault; The village all declar'd how much he knew; 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too; Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage, And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge: In arguing too the parson own'd his skill, For ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still; While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound, Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around, And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round,

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;

Thither no more the peasant shall repair,

To sweet oblivion of his daily care;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,

No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found

Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,

Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arms decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay, 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand Between a splendid and a happy land. Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore, And shouting folly hails them from her shore; Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound, And rich men flock from all the world around. Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name That leaves our useful products still the same. Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride, Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has rob'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain, Secure to please while youth confirms her reign, Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies, Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes; But when those charms are past, for charms are frail, When time advances, and when lovers fail, She then shines forth, solicitous to bless, In all the glaring impotence of dress. Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd, In nature's simplest charms at first array'd, But verging to decline, its splendors rise, Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize; While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land, The mournful peasant leads his humble band; And while he sinks, without one arm to save, The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside, To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride? If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd, He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade, Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide, And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—what waits him there? To see profusion that he must not share; To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd To pamper luxury, and thin mankind; To see each joy the sons of pleasure know. Extorted from our fellow-creature's woe. Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade, There the pale artist plies the sickly trade; Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display, There the black gibbet glooms beside the way. The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign, Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train, Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square. The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare. Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annov! Sure these denote one universal joy! Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies. She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest, Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train, Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led, At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake; Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey, And savage men more murd'rous still than they; While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies, Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies. Far different these from ev'ry former scene, The cooling brook, the grassy vested green, The breezy covert of the warbling grove, That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day, That call'd them from their native walks away; When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past, Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last, And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain For seats like these beyond the western main; And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep, Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep. The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go To new-found worlds, and wept for others' wee: But for himself, in conscious virtue brave. He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave. His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, The fond companion of his helpless years, Silent went next, neglectful of her charms, And left a lover's for her father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes, And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose; And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear, And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear; Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where you anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;

And piety with wishes plac'd above, And steady loyalty, and faithful love. And thou, sweet poetry! thou loveliest maid. Still first to fly where sensual joys invade: Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame. To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd, My shame in crowds, my solitary pride. Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe, Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so: Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel, Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well. Farewell, and O, where'er thy voice be try'd, On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side. Whether where equinoctial fervors glow, Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, Still let thy voice, prevailing over time, Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime: Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain; Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain; Teach him, that states of native strength possest, Though very poor, may still be very blest; That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay, As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away; While self-dependent power can time defy, As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HERMIT.

[PARNELL.]

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost;
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,

And glimmering fragments of a broken sun, Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey, went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cry'd;
And, 'Hail, my son!' the rev'rend sire reply'd:
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road:
Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart;
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray; Nature in silence bid the world repose; When near the road a stately palace rose: There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass, Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass. It chanc'd the noble master of the dome Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home: Yet still the kindness, from a thrift of praise, Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease. The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait, Their lord receives them at the pompous gate. The table groans with costly piles of food. And all is more than hospitably good. Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown, Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day, Along the wide canals the zephyrs play; Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep, And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep. Up rise the guests, obedient to the call: An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall; Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd, Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste. Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go; And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;

His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds, The changing skies hang out their sable clouds: A sound in air presag'd approaching rain, And beasts to covert scud across the plain. Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat, To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat. 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground, And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around; It's owner's temper, tim'rous and severe, Unkind and griping, caus'd a desart there. As near the miser's heavy doors they drew, Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;

The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began, And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran. Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain, Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain. At length some pity warm'd the master's breast, ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest) Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care, And half he welcomes in the shivering pair; One frugal faggot lights the naked walls, And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls; Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine, (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine; And when the tempest first appear'd to cease, A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd In one so rich, a life so poor and rude; And why should such, within himself he cry'd, Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside? But what new marks of wonder soon took place, In ev'ry settling feature of his face! When from his vest the young companion bore That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before, And paid profusely with the precious bowl The stinted kindness of this churlish soul

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly, The sun emerging opes an azure sky; A fresher green the smelling leaves display, And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day; The weather courts them from the poor retreat, And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought With all the travail of uncertain thought; His partner's acts without their cause appear, 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here: Detesting that, and pitying this he goes, Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky, Again the wand'rers want a place to lie, Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat, And neither poorly low, nor idly great: It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind, Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;

From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houshold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose, Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose; Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept, Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept, And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride, O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd. Horror of horrors! What! his only son! How look'd our hermit when the fact was done? Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part, And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed, He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed. His steps the youth pursues; the country lay Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way: A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er Was nice to find; the servant trod before; Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd, And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin, Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in; Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head, Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes, He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries, Detested wretch'—but scarce his speech began, When the strange partner seem'd no longer man: His youthful face grew more serenely sweet, His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet; Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair; Celestial odours breathe through purpled air; And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day, Wide at his back their gradual plumes display; The form ethereal bursts upon his sight, And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew, Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do; Surprize in secret chains his word suspends, And in a calm his settling temper ends. But silence here the beauteous angel broke, (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

'Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown, In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

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These charms, success in our bright region find, And force an angel down, to calm thy mind; For this commission'd I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

'The Maker justly claims that world he made: In this the right of providence is laid: Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

'What strange events can strike with more surprize, Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes? Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just, And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

'The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food, Whose life was too luxurious to be good; Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine, And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine, Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost, And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor; With him I left the cup, to teach his mind That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind. Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl, And feels compassion touch his grateful soul. Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead, With heaping coals of fire upon its head; In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow, And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

'Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back?
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

'Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,. Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew, The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew. Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high, His master took the chariot of the aky:

The fiery pomp ascending left the view;

The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun, Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done. Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place, And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

THE EMIGRANT:

AN ECLOGUE.

[HON. H. ERSKINE.]

Fast by the margin of a mossy rill,

That wander'd gurgling down a heath-clad hill,
An ancient shepherd stood, appress with woe,
And ey'd the ocean's flood that foam'd below,
Where, gently rocking on the rising tide,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride;
Unwonted, well I ween, for ne'er before,
Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.

His few remaining hairs were silver gray, And his rough face had seen a better day.

 Occasioned by the numerous emigrations from the Highlands of Scotland. Around him bleating, stray'd a scanty flock, And a few goats o'erhung the neighb'ring rock; One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share, And strove with many a trick to ease his care; While o'er his furrow'd cheek the salt drops ran, He tun'd his rustic reed, and thus began:

'Farewell, farewell! dear Caledonia's strand, Rough tho' thou be, yet still my native land; Exiled from thee I seek a foreign shore, Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more. By hard oppression driv'n, my helpless age, That should ere now have left life's bustling stage, Is forc'd to brave the Ocean's boist'rous wave, In a far foreign land to seek a grave.

'And must I leave thee then, my little cot, Mine and my father's poor but happy lot, Where I have pass'd in innocence away, Year after year, till age has turn'd me gray?

'Thou dear companion of my happier life, Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife! 'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride, Five comely sons; three for their country died! Two still remain, sad remnant of the wars, Without one mark of honour but their scars; Yet live to see their sire denied a grave, In lands, his much lov'd children died to save. Yet still in peace and safety did we live, In peace and safety more than wealth can give. My two remaining boys, with sturdy hands, Rear'd the scant produce of our niggard lands: Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir'd; No more from us our gen'rous lord requir'd.

But ah! sad change! those blessed days are o'er, And peace, content, and safety, charm no more; Another lord now rules these wide domains, The avaricious tyrant of the plains; Far, far from hence, he revels life away In guilty pleasures our poor means must pay. The mossy plains, the mountain's barren brow, Must now be riven by the tort'ring plough; And, 'spite of nature, crops be taught to rise, Which to these northern climes wise heav'n denies. In vain, with sweating brow and weary hands, We strive to earn the gold our lord demands; While cold and hunger, and the dungeon's gloom, Await our failure as its certain doom.

'To shun these ills, that threat my hoary head, I seek in foreign lands precarious bread: Forc'd, the my helpless age of guilt be pure, The pangs of hanish'd felons to endure; And all because these hands have vainly tried To force from art what nature has denied, Because my little all will not suffice To pay th' insatiate claims of avarice.

'In vain of richer climates I am told. Whose hills are rich in gems; whose streams are gold; I am contented here: I ne'er have seen A vale more fertile, or a hill more green : Nor would I leave this sweet, the' humble cot. To share the richest monarch's splendid lot. Oh! would to heav'n th' alternative were mine. Abroad to thrive, or here in want to pine, Soon would I choose; but ere to-morrow's sun Has o'er my head his radiant journey run. I shall be rob'd, by what they justice call, By legal ruffians, of my little all. Driv'n out to hunger, nakedness and grief, Without one pitying hand to bring relief. Then come, oh sad alternative to choose! Come hanishment. I will no more refuse! Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor wind, Can add of horror to my suffering mind. On whatsoever coast I may be thrown, No lord can be severer than my own.

Ev'n they who tear the limbs, and drink the gore Of helpless strangers, what can they do more?

- 'For thee, insatiate chief, whose ruthless hand.
 For ever drives me from my native land,
 For thee I leave no greater curse behind,
 Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind;
 Or, what were harder to a soul like thine,
 To find from avarice thy weakth decline.
- 'For you, my friends and neighbours of the vale, Who now with kindly tears my fate bewail, Soon may our king, whose breast paternal glows. With tend'rest feelings for his people's woes, Soon may the rulers of this mighty land, To ease your sorrow, stretch the helping hand; Else soon, too soon your hapless fate shall be, Like me to suffer, and to fly like me.
- 'On you, dear native land, from whence I part, Rest the best blessings of a broken heart. If in some future hour, the foe should land His hostile legions on Britannia's strand, May she not then th' alarum sound in vain, Nor miss her banish'd thousands on the plain.

- ' Feed on, my sheep! for, tho' depriv'd of me, My cruel foes shall your protectors be; For their own sakes shall pen your straggling flocks, And guard your lambkins from the rav'ning fox.
- 'Feed on, my goats! another now shall drain Your streams that heal disease and soften pain; No stream, alas! can ever, ever flow, To heal thy master's heart, or soothe his woe.
- 'Feed on, my flocks! ye harmless people feed,
 The worst that ye can suffer is to bleed;
 Oh! that the murd'ring steel were all my fear!
 How fondly would I stay to perish here.
 But hark! my sons loud call me from the vale!
 And, lo! the vessel spreads her swelling sail;
 Farewell! farewell!'—Awhile his hands he wrung,
 And o'er his crook in silent sorrow hung;
 Then, casting many a ling'ring look behind,
 Down the steep mountain's brow began to wind.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

[GRAY.]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,

The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,

Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, Or busy housewife ply her evening care: No children run to lisp their sire's return, Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

How jocund did they drive their team afield!

How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,

Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,

The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alle th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault, If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise, Where thre' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault. The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or snimsted bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,

Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect, Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

• In the first manuscript copy of this exquisite poem, the conclusion is different from that which its author afterwards composed; and though his after-thought was unquestionably the best, yet there is a pathetic melancholy in the four rejected stanzas, which highly claims preservation.—Mason's Notes on Gray. (These stanzas are inserted as a variation, in p. 186.)

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd, Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,.
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead, Dost in these lines their artless tale relate; If chance, by lonely contemplation led, Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

- ' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 - 'That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
- 'His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 - 'And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.
- · Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
 - 'While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
- ' Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
- With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.*
- ' Hard by you wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 - 'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
- ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 - 'Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
- This stanza has always been excluded from the Elegy: its author having substituted in the place it originally held in the manuscript, that which begins with,
 - · There at the foot of yonder nodding beech.'

It has, however, been preserved by Mr. Mason, whose remarks have induced us to insert it here, next to those lines with which Gray had superseded it. 'I rather wonder, (says Mason, in a note on the Elegy) that he rejected this stanza, as it not only has the same sort of Doric delicacy, which charms us peculiarly in this part of the poem, but also completes the account of his whole day: whereas, this evening scene being omitted, we have only his morning walk, and his noon-tide repose.'

- One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
 - ' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
 - Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 - ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:
 - 'The next, with dirges due, in sad array
 - ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne:
 - ' Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
 - 'Grav'd on the stone beneath you aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (There they alike in trembling hope repose) The bosom of his father and his God.

VARIATION.

Referred to in page 182, after the Stanza ending,

'With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.'

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than pow'r, or genius, e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife, Give anxious cares and endless wishes room; But through the cool sequester'd vale of life, Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.*

And here (says Mason) the poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed swain, &c. suggested itself to the author. I cannot help hinting to the reader, that I think the third of these rejected stanzas equal to any in the whole Elegy.—Notes on Gray.

O D E,

WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

IN AUTUMN,

[LOGAN.]

'Trs past! No more the Summer blooms
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods.

Ah! well-known streams! ah! wonted groves,
Still pictur'd in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild flower strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,

Where youth and friendship play'd,

Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall,

Projects a death-like shade!

The charm is vanish'd from the vales;

No voice with virgin-whisper hails

A stranger to his native bowers:

No more Arcadian mountains bloom,

Nor Enna vallies breathe perfume,

The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or rov'd the woodland maze!
Long exil'd from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of Time
Snatch'd to the shadows of despair:
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find,
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued;
And wandering o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.

I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imag'd woes,
Nor real life believ'd a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
My Summer soon o'ercast;
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!
The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
And promis'd fruits, and cherish'd flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
O'er wretched man prevails!
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendship's covenant fails!
Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease—
O memory! how shall I appease
The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye?
What voice console th' incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed,
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh, that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes,
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallow'd hill
Aërial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er th' untimely urn!

ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

[J. SCOTT.]

Stern Winter hence with all his train removes, And cheerful skies and limpid streams are seen; Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves; Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green.

Yet lovelier scenes th' approaching months prepare; Kind Spring's full bounty soon will be display'd, The smile of beauty every vale shall wear; The voice of song enliven every shade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind Spring her wonted bounty show'r,
The smile of beauty and the voice of song;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where maddening passion raves, Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold, And unrelenting Avarice drives her slaves O'er prostrate Virtue in pursuit of gold.

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,

The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flowers gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield

Than all the pomp imperial domes display:

And yet ev'n here, amid these secret shades,
These simple scenes of unreprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
And Death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial showers succeed,
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom);
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapless man denied

To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?

O why this fate, that fear and pain divide

His few short hours on earth's delightful coast?

Ah cease—no more of Providence complain!

'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by Heaven indulg'd below:

Why else the smiling infant train so bless'd,
Ere ill propension ripens into sin,
Ere wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
And dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
And all their days and all their prospects please.

Such mine, when first, from London's crowdedstreets, Rov'd my young steps to Surry's wood-crown'd hills, O'er new-blown meads that breath'd a thousand sweets, By shady coverts and by crystal rills.

O happy hours, beyond recovery fled!

What share I now that can your loss repay,
vol. III.

While o'er mymind these glooms of thought are spread, And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no Power this darkness to remove?

The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?

Or raise our views to happier seats above,

Where fear and pain and death shall be no more?

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love
The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,
And raise their views to happier seats above,
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more:

These grateful share the gifts of Nature's hand; And in the varied scenes that round them shine (Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand), Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a floweret in th' enamel'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays,
Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal Nature looks more gay, For them more lively hues the fields adorn; To them more fair the fairest smile of Day,

To them more sweet the sweetest breath of Morn.

They feel the bliss that Hope and Faith supply;
They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
The Day that wasts them to the realms on high,
The Day that centres in Eternal Spring.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER.

JULY, 1757.

[.diai.]

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows.

The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains.

The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows.

And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
And still and vacant all you fields extend,
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and heat,
The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
Save what you stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flowers, the garden's rich array?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds or Peru's fields display,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild Nature's heart-reviving song,
That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bow'rs?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
Pine through this long, long course of sultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by Summer brought?
The walk along the rivulet-water'd vale?
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught?
The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul Imagination cheers,

Her p leasing colours paint the future gay:

Time passes on, the truth itself appears, The pleasing colours instant fade away.

In different seasons different joys we place,
And these will Spring supply, and Summer these;
Yet frequent storms the bloom of Spring deface,
And Summer scarcely brings a day to please.

O for some secret shady cool recess,

Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome trees,

Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress,

Where the long aisle invites the lazy breeze!

But why these plaints?—reflect, nor murmur more— Far worse their fate in many a foreign land, The Indian tribes on Darien's swampy shore, The Arabs wandering over Mecca's sand.

Far worse, alas! the feeling mind sustains,
Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame;
The hopeless lover bound in Beauty's chains,
The bard whom Envy robs of hard-earned fame;

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
Or lovely consort lost in early bloom;
He, whom fell Febris', rapid Fury! burns,
Or Phthisis slow leads lingering to the tomb—

Lest Man should sink beneath the present pain; Lest Man should triumph in the present joy; For him th' unvarying laws of Heaven ordain, Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.

Fierce and oppressive is the heat we bear,
Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;
Thence shall our fruits a richer flavour share,
Thence shall our plains with riper harvests smile.

Reflect, nor murmur more—for, good in all,
Heav'n gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
Perhaps ere morn refreshing showers may fall,
Nor soon you sun rise blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand!

Hark, in the East loud blustering gales arise;

Wide and more wide the darkening clouds expand,

And distant lightnings flash along the skies!

O, in the awful concert of the storm,
While hail and rain and wind and thunder join;
May deep-felt gratitude my soul inform,
May joyful songs of reverent praise be mine!

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

[iBID.]

FAREWELL the pleasant violet-scented shade,
The primres'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;
The sunny wall, with bloomy branches spread:

Farewell the bower with blushing roses gay;
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purpled field;
Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
When evening breezes mingled odours yield:

Of these no more—now round the lonely farms
Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her seat,
Th' autumnal landscape, opening all its charms,
Declares kind Nature's annual work complete.

In different parts what different views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley, dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.

The smile of Morning gleams along the hills, And wakeful Labour calls her sons abroad; They leave with cheerful look their lowly vills, And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

In various tasks engage the rustic bands,
And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield;
Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands,
Or range in heaps the swarths upon the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious wains, Some lead to sheltering barns the fragrant corn; Some form tall ricks, that towering o'er the plains For many a mile, the homestead yards adorn.—

The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
The joyful swains that raise the clamorous song,
Th' inclosure gates thrown open all around,
The stubble peopled by the gleaning throng,

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords,
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend;
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heaven your grateful praise ascend!

For though no gift spontaneous of the ground

Rose these fair crops that made your vallies smile,

Though the blithe youth of every hamlet round Pursued for these through many a day their toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?

Can all your labours, all your cares, supply

Bright suns, or softening showers, or tepid airs,

Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees, that we obtain

With toil each blessing destin'd to our use;

But means to teach us, that our toil is vain

If He the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet, Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing Muse betrays—
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
The voice of Riot than the voice of Praise.

Prolific though thy fields, and mild thy clime, Realms fam'd for fields as rich, for climes as fair, Have fall'n the prey of Famine, War, and Time, And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast,

Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil;

Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast; Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil:

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall!

Where rose fair towns, where toil'd the jocund swain,
Thron'd on the naked rock and mouldering wall,
Pale Want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's vallies smil'd in living green,
Where Sharon's flowers disclos'd their varied hues,
The wandering pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views,

Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs;

Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elysian bow'rs,

And silver streams through fragrant meadows roll'd.

Where Freedom's praise along the vale was heard, And town to town return'd the favourite sound; Where Patriot-War her awful standard rear'd, And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around;

There Freedom's praise no more the valley cheers, There Patriot-War no more her banner waves; Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears, But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?

Of mighty realms that fell, when, mad with pow'r,
They call'd for Vice to revel on their plains;
The monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! wouldst thou shun their mournful fate, To shun their follies and their crimes be thine; And woo to linger in thy fair retreat, The radiant Virtues, progeny divine!

Fair Truth, with dauntless eye and aspect bland; Sweet Peace, whose brow no angry frown deforms; Soft Charity, with ever-open hand; And Courage, calm amid surrounding storms.

O lovely train! O haste to grace our isle!
So may the Power who every blessing yields,
Bid on her clime serenest seasons smile,
And crown with annual wealth her far-fam'd fields.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

[IBID.]

THE Sun far southward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,

No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;

Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,

Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly prospects Spring supplied, The may-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze; The white flocks scattering o'er the mountain's side, The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay Summer's sportive insect train,

That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?

SCOTT.] BLEGY ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER

The herd at morn wide pasturing o'er the plain, Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

Where is brown Autumn's evening mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,

To former scenes that little pleas'd when here!

Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns,

Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,
Where Indian streams through green savannahs flow;
Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rets blow.

Let Truth these fairer, happier lands survey—
There frowning months descend in wat'ry storms;
Or nature faints amid the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft, as toiling in the sultry fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
His joyless life the weary labourer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of Nature, free from Nature's strife?
Who dreams of constant happiness below?
The hope-flush'd enterer on the stage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road, Led by false hope in search of many a joy; I find in Earth's bleak clime no bless'd abode, No place, no season, sacred from annoy:

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days I human life compare:
Not those more fraught with clouds, and winds, and rains,
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O! whence this wondrous turn of mind our fate— Whate'er the season or the place possess'd, We ever murmur at our present state; And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest?

Why else, when heard in evening's solemn gloom,
Does the sad knell, that sounding o'er the plain
Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

The voice of Reason thunders in my ear:

'Thus thou, ere long, must join thy kindred clay;

No more those nostrils breathe the vital air,

No more those evelids open on the day!'—

O Winter, o'er me hold thy dreary reign! Spread wide thy skies in darkest horrors dress'd! Of their dread rage no longer I'll complain, Nor ask an Eden for a transient guest.

Enough has Heaven indulg'd of joy below,

To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;

Enough has Heaven ordain'd of useful woe,

To make us languish for a happier seat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair;
There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;
Contentment, smiling at each idle care;
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life!

She finds in Winter many a view to please;
The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay,
The sun at noon seen through the leafless trees,
The clear calm ether at the close of day:

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,
When blustering Caurus purifies the air;
When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harvest bear:

She bids, for all, our grateful praise arise,

To Him whose mandate spake the world to form;

Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's cheerful skies,

And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's sounding storm.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING,

AN ODE.

[IBID.]

THERE'S grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form:
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend, And thick the branchy ruin lies, And wide the shower of foliage flies; The lake's black waves in tumult blend, Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er, And foaming on the rocky shore, Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The Sight sublime enrapts my thought, And swift along the past it strays, And much of strange event surveys, What History's faithful tongue has taught, Or Fancy form'd, whose plastic skill The page with fabled change can fill Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain?
O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows, but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend!

A LANDSCAPE.

[IB1B.]

Os the eastern hill's steep side
Spreads the rural hamlet wide;
'Cross the vale, where willows rise,
Further still another lies;
And, beneath a steeper hill,
Lies another further still:
Near them many a field and grove—
Scenes where Health and Labour rove!

Northward swelling slopes are seen, Clad with corn-fields neat and green; There, through grassy plains below, Broad and smooth the waters flow; While the town, their banks along, Bids its clustering houses throng, In the sunshine glittering fair; Haunts of business, haunts of care!

Westward o'er the yellow meads Wind the rills through waving reeds; From dark elms a shadow falls
On the abbey's whiten'd walls:
Wide the park's green lawns expand;
Thick its tufted lindens stand:
Fair retreat! that well might please
Wealth, and elegance, and ease.

Hark! amidst the distant shades
Murmuring drop the deep cascades;
Hark, amidst the rustling trees
Softly sighs the gentle breeze:
And th' Eolian harp, reclin'd
Obvious to the stream of wind,
Pours its wildly-warbled strain,
Rising now, now sunk again.

How the view detains the sight!

How the sounds the ear delight!

Sweet the scene! but think not there
Happiness sincere to share;

Reason still regrets the day

Passing rapidly away;

Lessening life's too little store;

Passing, to return no more!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

[POPE.]

Ys Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail; Returning justice lift aloft her scale: Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend. And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n descend. Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn! Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born! See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring, With all the incense of the breathing spring: See lofty Lebanon his head advance. See nodding forests on the mountains dance. See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise. And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies! Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers! Prepare the way! a God, a God appears! A God! a God! the vocal hills reply. The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity. Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies! Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise; With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way! The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold; Hear him, ve deaf, and, all ve blind, behold! He from thick films shall purge the visual ray. And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear, And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:

The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego, And leap exulting like the bounding roe. No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear. In adamantine chains shall Death be bound. And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound. As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care, Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs, By day o'ersees them, and by night protects, The tender lambs he raises in his arms. Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms; Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, The promis'd father of the future age. No more shall nation against nation rise, Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes, Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er, The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; But useless lances into scythes shall bend, And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end. Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun; Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field. The swain in barren deserts with surprize Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes, The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods. Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn, The spiry fir and shapely box adorn; To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed; And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed. The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead, And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead: The steer and lion at one crib shall meet. And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. The smiling infant in his hand shall take The crested basilisk and speckled snake, Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey, And with their forky tongue shall innocently play. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise! Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes! See a long race thy spacious courts adorn See future sons, and daughters yet unborn, In crouding ranks on ev'ny side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies! See barb'rous nations at thry gates attend, Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend; See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings, And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!

For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

[POPE.]

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate, To see the good from ill; And binding nature fast in fate, Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak unknowing hand Presume thy bolts to throw, And deal damnation round the land, On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:

If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride, Or impious discentent, At aught thy wisdom has deny'd, Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see;

That mercy I to others shew,

That mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun.

Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not, And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

HOPE.

[YOUNG.]

This hope is earth's most estimable prize;
This is man's portion, while no more than man.
Hope, of all passions, most befriend us here:
Passions of prouder name befriends us less;
Joy has her tears; and Transport has her death:
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys:
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attempered! a chastised delight!
Like the fair summer-evening, mild, and sweet,
'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

[THOMSON.]

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these, Are but the varied God. The rolling year Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love. Wide flush the fields: the soft ning air is balm: Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles; And every sense, and every heart is joy. Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months. With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun Shoots full perfection through the swelling year: And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks: And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve. By brooks and groves, in hollow whisp'ring gales, Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd, And spreads a common feast for all that lives. In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd. Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing. Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore. And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine, Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train, Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art, Such beauty and beneficence combin'd; Shade, unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade; And all so forming an harmonious whole; That, as they still succeed, they ravish still. But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze, Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand, That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres; Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring: Flings from the sun direct the flaming day; Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth; And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join ev'ry living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One gen'ral song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,

Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage. His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills; And let me catch it as I muse along. Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound; Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze Along the vale; and thou, majestic main, A secret world of wonders in thyself. Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs. In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts, Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints-Ye forests bend, ve harvests wave, to Him: Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, As home he goes beneath the joyous moon. Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep Unconscious lies, effusé your mildest beams, Ye constellations, while your angels strike, Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. Great source of day! best image here below Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide, From world to world, the vital ocean round; On nature write with every beam his praise. The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world; While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ve hills: ve mossy rocks, ven. Retain the sound a the broad responsive lower above Ye vallies, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns; And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come at a Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song : Bursts from the groves! and when the restless day, Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep, in him as Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm so such The list ning shades, and teach the night his praise. Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles. At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all, a Crown the great hymn kineswarming cities wast. Assembled men, to the deep corgan joins to the Mer. The long-resounding voice; oft breaking clear, At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass; And as each mingling flame increases each, In one united ardour rise to bear'n. Or if you rather choose the rural shade. And find a fane in every sacred grove: There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay, The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre, Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll. For me, when I forget the darling theme, Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams, Or Winter rises in the black'ning east;

Be my tongue mute, my funcy quint no mute, And, dead to joy, forget my heart to best!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge. Of the erven earth, to distant barbarous climes, Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun. Gilds Indian mountains, or his actting beam Flames on th' Atlantic ides; "tis nought to me: Since God is ever present, ever felt, In the void waste as in the city full; And where He vital breathes there must be joy. When ev'n at last the selemn hour shall come. And wing my mystic flight to future worlds. I cheerful will obey; there with new pow'rs, Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go Where Universal Love not smiles around. Sustaining all von orbs, and all their sons: From seeming evil still educing good, And better thence again, and better still. In infinite progression. But I lose Myself in Him, in Light ineffable! Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.



REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE,

FROM A REVIEW OF WINTER.

[IBID.]

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms, And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. How dead the vegetable kingdom lies! How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends His desolate domain. Behold, fond man! See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years, Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength, Thy sober Autumn fading into age, And pale concluding Winter comes at last, And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes Of happiness? those longings after fame? Those restless cares? those busy bustling days? Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts. Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life? All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives, Immortal never-failing friend of man, His guide to happiness on high. And see! 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth Of heaven and earth! awak'ning nature hears

The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In ev'ry heighten'd form; from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, Confounded in the dust, adore that Power, And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause. Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd. And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share In life was gall and bitterness of soul: Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd In starving solitude; while luxury, In palaces, lay straining her low thought, To form unreal wants: why heav'n-born truth, And moderation fair, wore the red marks Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain, That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe, Imbitters all our bliss. Ye good, distrest! Ye noble few! who here unbending stand Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile, And what your bounded view, which only saw A little part, deem'd evil is no more: The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass. And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

THE TRIUMPHS OF DEATH.

[YOUNG.]

Non man alone, his breathing bust expires!
His tomb is mortal! Empires die. Where now'
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

TO-MORROW.

[IBID.] •

Where is to morrow? In another world. For numbers this is certain; the reverse Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps, This peradventure, infamous for lies, As on a rock of adamant, we build Our mountain-hopes; spin out eternal schemes, As we the fatal-sisters would out-spin, And, big with life's futurities, expire.

DEATH.

[BP. PORTEUS.]

FRIEND to the wretch, whom every friend forsakes, I woo thee, Death! In fancy's airy paths Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour, This solemn hour, when silence rules the world, And wearied nature makes a general pause! Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear, And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale Of Death!-Deep in a murky cave's recess, Lav'd by oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors Of yew and cypress' shade, from all intrusion Of busy noontide beam, the monarch sits In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd. At his right hand, nearest himself in place, And frightfulness of form, his parent, Sin, With fatal industry and cruel care, Busies herself in pointing all his stings,

And tipping every shaft with venom drawn From her infernal store: around him rang'd In terrible array, and strange diversity Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers. Foremost Old Age, his natural ally And firmest friend: next him, diseases thick. A motley train; fever with cheek of fire; Consumption wan; palsy, half warm with life, And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing gout, And ever-gnawing rheum; convulsion wild: Swoln dropsy; panting asthma; apoplex Full-gorg'd.-There too the pestilence that walks In darkness, and the sickness that destroys At broad noon-day, These, and a thousand more. Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when By Heaven's command, Death waves his ebon wand. Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose, And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!

Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didst thou make.

This creature, man? Why wake th' unconscious dust.

To life and wretchedness? O better far.

Still had he slept in uncreated night,.

If this the lot of being!—Was it for this.

Thy breath divine kindled within his breast The vital flame? For this was thy fair image Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments? For this dominion given him absolute O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign Supreme in woe? From the blest source of good Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ill. Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought, The impious thought! God never made a creature. But what was good. He made a living man: The man of death was made by man himself. Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life, . Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew, No fear of death, no check to his desires, Save one command. That one command, (which stood: Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,) Urg'd on by wanton curiosity He broke.—There in one moment was undone The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit, Unbar'd the gates of hell, and let loose Sin And Death, and all the family of Pain, To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw The monstrous crew, and shook through all her frame, Then fled her new-born lustre, then began Heaven's cheerful face to low'r, then vapours chok'd The troubled air, and form'd a vale of clouds

To hide the willing sun. The earth, convuls'd. With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop Of thorns and briars; and insect, bird, and beast, That wont before with admiration fond To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him. Now fled before his face, shunning in haste Th' infection of his misery. He alone Who justly might, th' offended Lord of man, Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity, Forsook not in this uttermost distress His hest-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd. (That best, that greatest comfort in affliction) The countenance of God, and through the gloom Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope, sent from Heaven, Up-rais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar A happier scene of things; the promis'd seed Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest, Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave Made pervious to the realms of endless day. No more the limit but the gate of life.

Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the earth From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil, As to a punishment; (yet ev'n in wrath So merciful is Heaven!) this toil became The solace of his woes, the sweet employ Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard

Against disease and Death .- Death, though denounc'd, Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on. Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years One solitary ghost went shivering down To his unpeopled shore. In sober state. Through the sequester'd vale of rural life, The venerable patriarch guileless held The tenor of his way; labour prepar'd His simple fare, and temperance rul'd his board. Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose. Alert and vigorous as he, to run His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength, He stem'd the tide of time; and stood the shock Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head. At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood, And looking round saw all the vallies fill'd With nations from his loins; full well content To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth. Along the gentle slope of life's decline He bent his gradual way, till full of years He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was man;
So calm was life, so impotent was death.
Oh, had he but preserv'd those few remains,
Those shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad wreck'
Of innocence primeval, still had he liv'd
Great, ev'n in ruin; though fallen, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas man himself
That brought Death into the world, and man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest born of hell, embru'd Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men To make a death which nature never made, And God abhor'd, with violence rude to break The thread of life, ere half its length was run, And rob a wretched brother of his being. With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough, By subtle Fraud, to snatch a single life; Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell To sate the lust of power; more horrid still, The foulest stain and scandal of our nature

Became its boast.—One murder made a villain. Millions a hero.—Princes were privileg'd To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime. Ah! why will kings forget that they are men! And men that they are brethren? Why delight In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties Of nature, that should knit their souls together In one soft bond of amity and love; Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on Inhumanly ingenious to find out New pains for life, new terrors for the grave: Artificers of Death! still monarchs dream Of universal empire growing up From universal ruin.—Blast the design, Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel;
And the loud din of battle cease to roar;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose;
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength, and
youth,

Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war?—Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds

A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury; war its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands: in th' embattled plain,
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts, Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky, Hope swells his sails, and fancy steers his course; Safe glides his little bark along the shore, Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far He launches forth, beyond discretion's mark, Sudden his tempest scowls, the surges roar, Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep. O sad but sure mischance! O happier, far To lie like gallant Howe, midst Indian wilds, A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall, Torn immature from life's meridian joys, A prey to vice, intemperance, and disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still; Ye sons of pleasure, by th' Almighty stricken, Than ever dare (tho' oft, alas! ye dare) To lift against yourselves the murderous steel. To wrest from God's own hand the sword of justice. And be your own avengers.-Hold, rash man, Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd Through every region of delight, nor left . One joy to gild the evening of thy days, Though life seem one uncomfortable void, ... Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair. Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe. Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think, And ere thou plung'st into the vast abyss,. Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see Thy future mansion.—Why, that start of horror? From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel? Didst thou not think such vengeance must await The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him. Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd, Into his Maker's presence, throwing back, ... With insolent disdain, his choicest gift?

Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life, And think it all too short to wash away, By penitential tears, and deep contrition, The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet Death when he comes, not wantonly invite His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern With innocence to live, with patience wait Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come, Though Nature run her course; but Nature's God, If need require, by thousand various ways, Without thy aid. can shorten that short span. And quench the lamp of life.—Oh when he comes, Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme, To Heaven ascending from some guilty land, Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd In all the terrors of Almighty wrath; Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm, And on the miscreant pours destruction down! Who can abide his coming? Who can bear His whole displeasure? In no common form Death then appears, but starting into size Enormous, measures with gigantic stride Th' astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws round Unutterable horror and dismay. All Nature lends her aid. Each element Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven, The fountains of the deep their barriers break, Above, below, the rival torrents pour, And drown creation, or in floods of fire

Descends a living cataract, and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their graves, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore. At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop: no friend, no refuge near!
All, all, is false and treacherous around:
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But, ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail These tottering feet?—Earth to its centre feels The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch Through all its pillars, and in every pore, Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers, The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight Of general devastation, millions find One common grave: not ev'n a widow lest To wail her sons: the house that should protect,

Entombs its master, and the faithless plain, If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious heaven, O snatch me from destruction! if this globe, This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made So firm and sure, if this my steps betray: If my own mother-earth from whence I sprung. Riseup with rage unnatural to devour Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly? Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee. Almighty Father? Save, O save thy suppliant From horrors such as these !-- At thy good time Let Death approach: I reck not-let him but come In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd, Too much for man to bear. O rather lend Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke. And at that hour when all aghast I stand (A trembling candidate for thy compassion) On this world's brink, and look into the next; When my soul starting from the dark unknown, Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys, And all the lovely relatives of life, Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes

In all their hideous forms then starting up Plant themselves round my couch in grim array, And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture. Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe. Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead, Let cheerful memory from her purest cells Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair, Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back With tenfold usury the pious care, And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly thou, Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven To bleed for man, to teach him how to live, And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die: Disdain not thou to smooth the restless bed Of sickness and of pain.—Forgive the tear That feeble nature drops, calm all her fears, Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith, Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heaven, Bursts from the thraldom of encumbering clay. And on the wing of ecstasy upborne, Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life!

GRAVE.

[BLAIR.]

'The house appointed for all living.'

JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade, Some flee the city, some the hermitage; Their aims as various as the roads they take In journeying through life;—the task be mine To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb; Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore, Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread thing! Men shiver when thou'rt named: nature, appall'd, Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes! Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night, Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty vaults, (Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime) Lets fall a supernumerary horror,

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And only serves to make thy night more irksome. Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew, Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs, and worms, Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades, Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports) Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds. No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pieus work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's feel bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'soutcheeps

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shricks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more: it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a now of reverend elms, (Coëval near with that) all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchloss tranks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
Wild shricks have issued from the bollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great hell has toli'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gessiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.)

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who his below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something parring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand

O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!) Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes 'spied, Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek:
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy, meddling memory,
In barbarous succession musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one! A tie more stubborn far than nature's band. Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul; Sweetener of life, and solder of society, I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me Far, far beyond what I can ever pay. Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love, And the warm efforts of the gentle heart, Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,

Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress.—Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave!—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood, Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth, And every smirking feature from the face; Branding our laughter with the name of madness. Where are the jesters now? the men of health Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll? Whose every look and gesture was a joke To clapping theatres and shouting crowds, And made ev'n thick-lip'd, musing Melancholy, To gather up her face into a smile Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war? The Roman Caesars, and the Grecian chiefs. The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth; Who the tiara at his pleasure tore From kings of all the then discover'd globe: And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd, And had not room enough to do his work? Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim, And cram'd into a space we blush to name! Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks! How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue! Son of the morning! whither art thou gone? Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head, And the majestic menace of thine eves Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now. Like new-born infant wound up in its swathes. Or victim tumbled flat upon its back. That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife. Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues. And coward insults of the base-born crowd. That grudge a privilege thou never hadst, But only hoped for in the peaceful grave, Of being unmolested and alone. Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs, And honours by the herald duly paid In mode and form, evin to a very scruple; Oh, cruel irony! these come too late; And only mock, whom they were meant to benow

Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd, But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he. Sorry pre-eminence of high descent, Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

But see! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on, Stately and slow; and properly attended By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch The sick man's door, and live upon the dead, By letting out their persons by the hour. To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad. How rich the trappings! now they're all unful'd, And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries Of conquerors, and coronation pomps. In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements, And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste? Why this ado in earthing up a carease That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril Smells horrible?—Ye undertakers, tell us, Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit. Why is the principal conceal'd, for which You make this mighty stir?—"Tis wisely done: What would offend the eye in a good picture. The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage! now how little thou appear'st Below the envy of the private man.

Honour! that meddlesome officious ill.

Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short.

Strange persecution! when the grave itself.

Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd to think to overreach the grave; And from the wreck of names to rescue ours. The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame, Die fast away: only themselves die faster. The far-famed sculptor, and the laurell'd bard, These bold insurancers of deathless fame, Supply their little feeble aids in vain. The tapering pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride, And wonder of the world, whose spiky top Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd The angry shaking of the winter's storm; Yet spent at last by th' injuries of Heaven, Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years, The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted, At once gives way. Oh! lamentable sight: The labour of whole ages lumbers down. A hideous and misshapen length of ruins. Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain, With all-subduing time: her cankering hand With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:

Worn on the edge of days the brass consumes, The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble, Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge. Ambition, half convicted of her folly, Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth, Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood; Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains, Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste. And in a cruel wantonness of power Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent, Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert. Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn That haunts and dogs them, like an injur'd ghost Implacable.—Here too the petty tyrant, Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd, And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short, Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor. And griped them like some lordly beast of prey; Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger. And piteous plaintive voice of misery; (As if a slave was not a shred of nature, Of the same common feelings with his lord;) Now tame and humble like a child that's whip'd. Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman. Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord, Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty!-thou pretty plaything, dear deceit, That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart, And gives it a new pulse, unknown before, The grave discredits thee: thy charms expunged, Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd, What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage? Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid, Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd, Riots unscar'd.—For this, was all thy caution? For this, thy painful labours at the glass? T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair, For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder! Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well, And leave as keen a relish on the sense. Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears. Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:

Honest effusion! the swol'n heart in vain Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength toe—thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that loud laugh at the village-ring;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his last.—See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, Q mighty boostex.

To vaunt of nerves of thine? what means the bull, Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward, And flee before a feeble thing like man; That, knowing well the slackness of his arm, Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But, ah! proud man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou drop'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers by.
Great man of language!—whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast

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Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tuned voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along:
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their julaps and catholicons,
Resign to fate.—Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cram'd magazines of health?
Nor hill nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand;—from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,

With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?

Alas! thou speakest not—The bold impostor

Looks not more silly, when the chear's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons.
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer.
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pays
To his own carcase; now lies cheaply lodg'd,.
By clamorous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Rob'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds:
First stary'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death! To him that is at ease in his possessions; Who counting on long years of pleasure here, Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come? In that dread moment, how the frantic soul Raves round the walls of her clay tenement, Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help; But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks. On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!

A little longer, yet a little longer,

Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must: bedy and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death; If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be, Returning to the barren womb of nothing,

Whence first they sprung; then might the debauches Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd, Fill up another to the brim, and laugh. At the poor bugbear death:—then might the wretch: That's weary of the world, and tired of life, At once give each inquietude the slip, By stealing out of being, when he pleas'd, And by what way, whether by help or steel; Death's thousand doors stand open.-Who could force The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time. Or blame him if he goes ?-Sure, he does well, That helps himself as timely as he can. When able—But if there's an hereafter: (And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man;) Then must it be an awful thing to die: More horrid yet to die by one's own hand. Self-murder !-name it not: our island's shame. That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states. Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate. Self-preservation, fall by her own act? Forbid it, Heaven !- Let not, upon disgust. The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt! Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,

To rush into the presence of our Judge: As if we challeng'd him to do his worst. And matter'd not his wrath !-- Unheard-of tortures Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together; The common damn'd shun their society, And look upon themselves as fiends less foul. Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd! How long, how short, we know not: -- this we know, Duty requires we calmly wait the summons, Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission: Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand. And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd. Those only are the brave that keep their ground, And keep it to the last. To run away Is but a coward's trick: to run away From this world's ills, that at the very worst Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves, By boldly venturing on a world unknown, And plunging headlong in the dark ;--'tis mad; No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity To those you left behind, disclose the secret! Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out; What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be. I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes Forewarn'd men of their doath:—'Twan kindly dose. To knock and give th' alarum.—But what means. This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness. That does its work by halves.—Why might you not. Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws. Of your society forbid your apeaking. Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more: Sullen, like lampa in sepulchres, your ahine. Enlightens but yourselves. Well, 'tis no matter; A very little time will clear up all.

And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village swais.

And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round:

And who so artful as to put it by?

'Tis long since death had the majority;

Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,

The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,

Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole

A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand

Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,

By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,

But well he knew its owner, and can tell

Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand

The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;

And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder.
Or clubs a smuttier tale: —When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not,
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers In the world's hale and undegenerate days Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are, Never to think of death and of ourselves At the same time: as if to learn to die Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish. For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood To frolic on eternity's dread brink Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know, The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in. Think we, or think we not, time hurries on. With a resistless unremitting stream: Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief, That slides his hand under the miser's pillow, And carries off his prize.-What is this world? What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd, Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals

Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones. The very turf on which we tread once lived; And we that live, must lend our carcasses To cover our own offspring; in their turns They too must cover theirs .-- 'Tis here all meet, The shivering Icelander, and sun-burn'd Moor; Men of all climes, that never met before: And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian. Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder, His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge, Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd The great negociators of the earth, And celebrated masters of the balance, Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts. Now vain their treaty-skill:—Death scorns to treat: Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden From his gall'd shoulders :-- and when the stern tyrant. With all his guards and tools of power about him, Is meditating new unheard-of hardships, Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes. Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest. Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade, The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream. (Time out of mind the favourite seats of ove). Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down, Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes.

Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds. The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter, Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet, Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams That some rude interposing rock has split. Here is the large-limb'd peasant:-Here the child Of a span long, that never saw the sun. Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch. Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters: The barren wife, and long-demurring maid. Whose lonely unappropriated sweets Smiled like you knot of cowslips on the cliff. Not to be come at by the willing hand. Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette, The sober widow, and the young green virgin, Crop'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown, Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here! Here garrulous old age winds up his tale: And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart, Whose every-day was made of melody, Hears not the voice of mirth. - The shrill-tongued shrew. Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding. Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave : The just, the good, the worthless and profane, The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred; The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;

The supple statesman, and the patriot stern; The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time, With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man !-- how happy once in thy first state! When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand, He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well-pleas'd, Smiled on his last fair work.—Then all was well. Sound was the body, and the soul screne: Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune. That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heast, Offer'd to sche: nor was there cause they should: For all was pure within: no fell remorse. Nor anxious contings-up of what might be. Alarm'd his peaceful beeem.—Summer seas Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned, The generous soil, with a luxuriant hand, Offer'd the various produce of the year, And every thing most perfect in its kind. Blessed! thrice blessed days!-But ah! how shart! Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men; But fugitive like those, and quickly gone. Oh! slippery state of things.—What sudden turns! What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf Of man's sad history !- To-day most happy.

And ere to-morrow's san has set, most abject: How scant the space between these vast extremes! Thus fared it with our sire :-- not long he enjoy'd His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenunt Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets. Or sum them up, when strait he must be gone, . Ne'er to return again.—And must he go? Can nought compound for the first dire offence Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd, Fain would be trifle time with lide talk. And parley with his fate. But 'tis in wain. Not all the lavish odours of the place, Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon, Or mitigate his doom .- A mighty angel, With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay, And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take One last and farewell round.—At once he lost His glory, and his Goo.—If mortal now, And sorely maim'd, no wonder.-Man has sinn'd. Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures. Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain. (Dreadful experiment! destructive measure! Where the worst thing could happen, is success.) Alas! too well he sped:-the good he scorn'd Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost, Not to return ;--or if it did, its visits,

Like those of angels, short and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scaped train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man; who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin! Greatest and first of ills.—The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions!—but for thee
Sorrow had never been.—All-noxious thing,
Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails,
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops.—The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.

More dreadful far than those! Sin has laid waste, Not here and there a country, but a world: Dispatching at a wide-extended blow Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing A whole creation's beauty with rude hands: Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches, And marking all along its way with ruin, Accursed thing !--Oh! where shall fancy find A proper name to call thee by, expressive Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of ills! Of temper so transcendently malign, That toads and serpents, of most deadly kind, Compared to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses Of every size and symptom, racking pains, And bluest plagues are thine.—See, how the fiend Profusely scatters the contagion round! Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels, Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring, And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But, hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd My father's nakedness, and nature's shame. Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear, One burst of filial duty and condolence, O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread, VOL. III.

This chaos of mankind.—O great man-eater!
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
Unheard-of Epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up thy dead, And with high interest too.—They are not thine, But only in thy keeping for a season, Till the great promised day of restitution; When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives, And rouse the long, long sleepers, into life, Day-light, and liberty.—
Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal The mines, that lay forming under ground,

In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe, And pure as silver from the crucible, That twice has stood the torture of the fire. And inquisition of the forge -- We know Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind. The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy power Thou could'st not hold:--self-vigorous he rose, And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent: (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!) Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth. And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses. By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting Had not a scruple left.—This having done, He mounted up to Heav'n .- Methinks I see him Climb the aërial heights, and glide along Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye, Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its hold; Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing. Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in! Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince Not for himself alone procures admission. But for his train.- It was his royal will, That where he is, there should his followers be; Death only lies between .- A gloomy path! Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:

But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue Will soon go off.-Besides, there's no bye-road To bliss.—Then, why, like ill-condition'd children. Start we at transient hardships in the way That leads to purer air, and softer skies, And a ne'er-setting sun?—Fools that we are! We wish to be, where sweets unwithering bloom; But straight our wish revoke, and will not go. So have I seen upon a summer's even, Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play, How wishfully he looks to stem the tide! This moment resolute. next unresolv'd: At last he dips his foot; but as he dips, Ilis fears redouble, and he runs away From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now Of all the flowers that paint the further bank, And united so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome Death! That after many a painful bleeding step Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe On the long wish'd-for shore.-Prodigious change: Our hane turn'd to a blessing !- Death disarm'd. lawer its fellness quite.—All thanks to Him Who wantered the venom out.—Sure the last end th' the good man is peace!—How calm his exit! Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground. Aw newry worn-out winds expire so soft.

Behold him in the evening tide of life, A life well-spent, whose early care it was His riper years should not upbraid his green: By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away; Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting. High in his faith and hones, look how he reaches After the prize in view! and, like a bird. That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away: Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded To let new glories in, the first fair fruits Of the fast coming harvest.—Then, oh then! Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears, Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd! 'Tis done! and now he's happy!—the glad soul Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh Rests too in hope of meeting once again. Its better half, never to sunder more, Nor shall it hope in vain :-- the time draws on When not a single spot of burial earth, Whether on land, or in the spacious sea, But must give back its long-committed dust Inviolate: -and faithfully shall these Make up the full account; not the least atom. Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale. Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd:

And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane! Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down, Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts, And put them as they were.—Almighty God Has done much more: nor is his arm impair'd Through length of days: and what he can, he will: His faithfulness stands bound to see it done. When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust, (Not unattentive to the call) shall wake: And every joint possess its proper place, With a new elegance of form, unknown To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious soul Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd Singling its other half, into its arms Shall rush with all the impatience of a man That's new-come home, and, having long been absent, With haste runs over every different room, In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting! Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more. 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night; We make the grave our bed, and then are gone. Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day; Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

[GLYNN.]

THY justice, heavenly King! and that great day, When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn, Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst Ranged unreproved and free, shall sink appall'd: I sing advent'rous.—But what eve can pierce The vast immeasurable realms of space, O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car To that bright region, where enthroned he sits First-born of Heaven, to judge assembled worlds, Clothed in celestial radiance! Can the Muse. Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew. Soar to that bright empyreal, where around Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir, Hymn hallelujahs; and in concert loud, Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?-Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unused To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles Of Fancy me, enchanted, ne'er could lure To rove o'er fairy-lands; to swim the streams That through her vallies weave their mazy way;

Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
My feeble voice, to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, though late; that reasoning Pride may own
Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heaven.

Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul. That divine particle which God's own breath Inspired into the mortal mass, shall rest Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd Her never-ending line: tell, if thou know'st. Why every nation, every clime, though all In laws, in rites, in manners disagree, With one consent expect another world, Where Wickedness shall weep? Why paynim bards Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes, Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love. Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell, Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream. Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch. Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why, in each breast Is placed a friendly monitor, that prompts,

Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends;
Or joy, on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain,
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners; while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!

Beneath the shade of cold obscurity

Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,

No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,

Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear:

But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain

Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes

Neglected and forlorn: disease, and cold,

And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:

Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,

She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bew'r, Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth, Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale Breathes forth delicious odours! Gallia's hills For him pour nectar from the purple vine;
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heaven: of Heaven he never names the name;
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxon health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st thou this, righteous Father? See'st thou this, And wilt thou ne'er repsy? Shall good and ill Be carried undistinguish'd to the land Where all things are forgot?—Ah! no; the day Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst That long obscured her beams; when Sin shall fly Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise, Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound, (That trump which once in Heaven on man's revolt Convoked th' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their dead. Then shall th' assembled nations of the earth From every quarter at the judgment-seat Unite: Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks.

Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks, Names famed of old: or who of later age, Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk, Tenant the wide terrene; and they who pitch Their tents on Niger's banks: or, where the sun Pours on Golconda's spires his early light, Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise Whom distant ages to each others sight Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel Some great progenitor, while at his side Stands his descendant through a thousand lines. Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank. Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings, With equal eve the God of All shall see; And judge with equal love. What though the great With costly pomp and aromatic sweets Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light, While solemn organs to his parting soul Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf Long lay neglected?—All at once shall rise; But not to equal glory: for, alas! With howlings dire and execrations loud Some wail their fatal birth,-First among these

Behold the mighty murderers of mankind; They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they Who to the tottering pinnacle of power Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse The madness of ambition; how lament Their dear-bought laurels; when the widow'd wife And childless mother at the judgment-seat Plead trumpet-tongued against them !--Here are they Who sunk an aged father to the grave: Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain Slighted a brother's sufferings. Here are they Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secured; Who from the infant virgin tore her dower. And ate the orphan's bread; -who spent their stores In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold, Prostrate and pale, adored the useless heap.— Here too, who stain'd the chaste connubial bed:-Who mix'd the poisonous bowl; or broke the ties Of hospitable friendship: --- And the wretch Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life, Unsummon'd to the presence of his God Rush'd in, with insult rude. How would they joy Once more to visit earth; and, though oppress'd With all that pain or famine can inflict, Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the Judge Pronounces doom eternal on their heads.

Perpetual punishment! Seek not to know What punishment! For that th' Almighty will Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man, With curious search refined, presume to pry Into thy secrets, Father? No: let him With humble patience all thy works adore, And walk in all thy paths: so shall his meed Be great in Heaven, so haply shall he scape Th' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who, bound in tenfold chains, Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne, And in the place of Heaven's eternal King Set up the phantom Chance. For them, in vain, Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year; In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon Repair'd her waning orb. Next these is placed. The vile blasphemer, he, whose impious wit Profaned the sacred mysteries of faith, And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of Heaven Planted his feeble battery. By these stands The arch-apostate: he with many a wile Exhorts them still to foul revolt. No hope have they from black despair, no ray

Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking souls: In agonies of grief they curse the hour When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are ranged: but on the right A chosen band appears, who fought beneath The banner of Jehovah, and defied Satan's united legious. Some unmoved At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barbarous climes Diffused the gospel's light; some long immured (Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pined; Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain Breathed out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they Whom Heaven elected to that glorious strife!-Here are they placed, whose kind munificence Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping head: And on the labours of a future race Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these, Good Scaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence. Fostering fair genius, bade the poet's hand Bring annual offerings to his Maker's shrine, Shalt find the generous care was not in vain .--Here is that favourite band, whom mercy mild. God's best loved attribute, adorn'd; whose gate Stood ever open to the stranger's call; Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip

Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign From the rude blast secured the pilgrim's side: Who heard the widow's tender tale: and shook The galling shackle from the prisoner's feet; Who each endearing tie, each office knew Of meek-ev'd heaven-descended Charity.-O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair! Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound In amity's indissoluble chain. The Graces! How shall I essay to paint Thy charms, celestial maid; and in rude verse Blazon those deeds thyself did'st ne'er reveal? For thee nor rankling envy can infect, Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening pride Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er did'st thou smile To see the sinner as a verdant tree Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream: While like some blasted trunk the righteous fall, Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail, When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more, And this Great Day is come; thou by the throne Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid. Bear me. O bear me on thy soaring wing, And through the adamantine gates of Heaven Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulf And dark abyss where Sin and Satan reign

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak, Tell how that restless element of fire Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war. And deluge all creation? Whether (so Some think) the comet, as through fields of air Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on, Thwarting th' ecliptic where th' unconscious earth Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun With force centripetal into his orb Attract her long reluctant; or the caves, Those dread volcanos, where engendering lie Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abves Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above, As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand Rains fierce combustion. Where are now the works Of art, the toil of ages ?-Where are now Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes. Trophies and pillars ?--Where is Egypt's boast, Those lofty pyramids which high in air Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?-Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers ?-Where Thebes

Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where Stood sea-girt Albion?—Where imperial Rome Propt by seven hills stood like a scepter'd queen, And aw'd the tributary world to peace?— Shew me the rampart, which o'er many a hill, Through many a valley, stretch'd its wide extent, Rais'd by that mighty monarch, to repel The roving Tartar, when with insult rude 'Gainst Pekin's towers he bent th' unerring bow.

But what is mimic Art? Ev'n Nature's works. Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams, And everlasting hills, shall be no more. No more shall Teneriffe, cloud-piercing height. O'er-hang th' Atlantic surge: nor that famed cliff Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail, Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade O'er half the wide Ægean. Where are now The Alps that confined with unnumber'd realms. And from the Black-sea to the Ocean-stream Stretch'd their extended arms?-Where's Ararat, That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark, Which seven long months had voyaged o'er its top, First rested, when the earth with all her sons, As now by streaming cataracts of fire, Was whelm'd by mighty waters? All at once Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains. No mark of vain distinction: Heaven itself. That azure vault with all those radiant orbs. VOL. III.

Sinks in the universal ruin lost.—
No more shall planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the Moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd Stars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their names
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from Heaven thy mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous Day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through Night's dark gloom. Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the faltering strain. O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!

O everlasting King! To Thee I kneel,
To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
Melt all ye elements! and thou, high Heaven,
Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll! But think, O Lord!

Think on the best, the noblest of thy works; Think on thine own bright image! Think on Him, Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath; And, midst the wreck of worlds, remember man!

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

[YOUNG.]

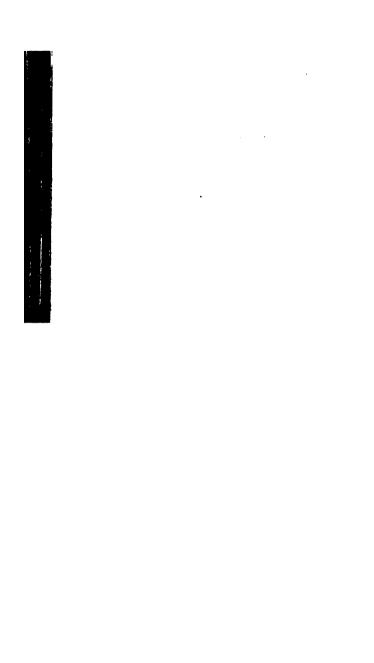
Where the prime actors of the last year's scene; Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume? How many sleep, who kept the world awake With lustre and with noise! Has Death proclaim'd A truce, and hung his sated lance on high? 'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year Be more tenacious of her human leaf, Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought: Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality; Though in a style more florid, full as plain, As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs. What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble, The well stain'd canvass, or the featured stone? Our fathers grace, or rather haunt the scene. Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

Profest diversions! cannot these escape?—Far from it: these present us with a shroud; And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave. As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth, We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread The scene for our amusement. How like gods We sit; and wrapt in immortality, Shed generous tears on wretches born to die; Their fate deploring, to forget our own.

END OF VOL. III.





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